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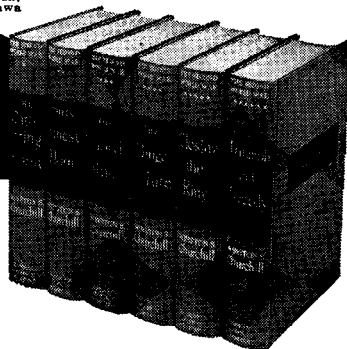
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

IT is President Eisenhower's hope that atomic firepower will keep the peace and that if war breaks out it will be held to a small scale. In press conference and before Congress he so explained his endeavor to stabilize the situation in the Formosa Straits. In that, he was required to take an ambiguous position before the world. But in arraying United States power there, it was still his purpose to get American policy moving toward a *modus vivendi* with the bellicose regime at Peiping.

The President had to resist powerful pressures within his own government for immediate measures to suppress any further growth in the strength of Red China. Those pressures continue to exist. The leading advocates of them are Walter S. Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, and Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Their ideas are incompatible with any sustained coexistence, and as long as their pressure persists, there is the danger of irresolution in policy.

In giving China policy a new direction, the President discarded forever the cherished Republican illusion that one day the Nationalist Government could re-establish itself on the mainland by means of armed invasion. Chiang Kai-shek himself is no longer permitted to believe that the United States entertains any such illusions. Privately this policy is accompanied by the hope—in some, the belief—that the Red regime will eventually collapse from internal weakness. No guesses are made as to when.

The President's project for stabilizing the Formosa area was in line with other major decisions. When he took office, the United States was actually

having three wars with Communist China. One, a direct engagement, was in Korea. The second, a less direct confrontation, was in Indochina, where we were supporting the French at the rate of nearly a billion dollars a year. The third was represented by our open commitment to defend Formosa. President Eisenhower achieved an armistice in the first and accepted a settlement of the second. His dramatic action in respect to Formosa had the purpose of neutralizing Chiang and still holding the Pescadores and Formosa.

No alternative to peace

Behind these conspicuous actions were two others, taken in secret councils of the government. One was the President's decision last spring against atomic intervention in the Indochinese war to save Dienbienphu. The second occurred in September when he overruled a recommendation from the Joint Chiefs of Staff that Communist assaults on Quemoy be met by American bombing of the mainland. His January proposal on Formosa was saved from being a reversal of this by the introduction of a new element: the thesis that attack on Quemoy would be construed as a preliminary to an attack on Formosa.

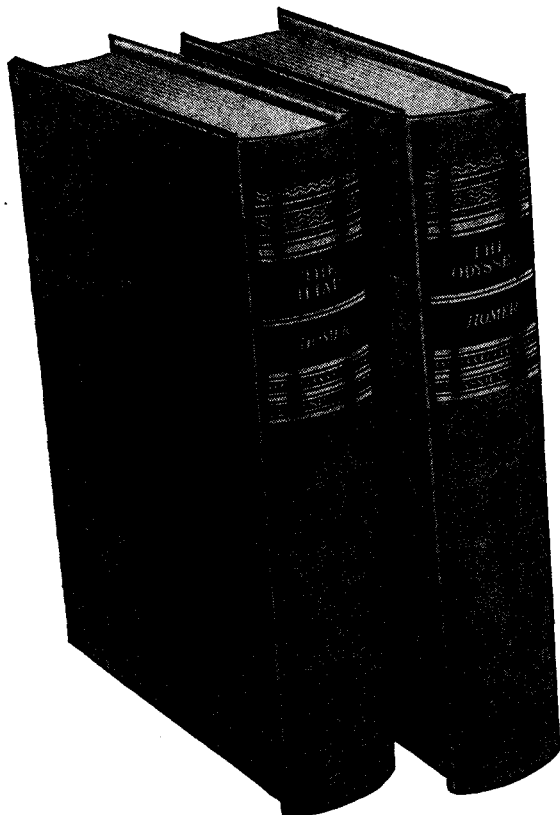
It was in the Indochina episode that the issue of atomic warfare appears to have been borne in upon the President in its starkest meaning. He consistently resisted the idea of atomic war from then on, and in the autumn he made his public declaration that there is no alternative to peace. Since then he has developed his thinking.

He displays an awareness that to signal the use of atomic weapons would probably be to bring them down on this country. He has realized, too, that

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



the nervous readiness not too long ago to use such weapons had adverse effects in world politics which would be multiplied beyond calculation by their actual launching.

Perimeter precautions

If fighting breaks out on the perimeter apart from Europe, the President hopes it can be held down to small scale, dealt with by indigenous allied forces, perhaps helped by light, mobile American units. And he plainly allows himself to think, also, that if a big war comes, it can be kept "conventional."

The President personally directed a redistribution of emphasis in our military forces to fit these concepts. It had been a working hypothesis in Washington that the military retailoring job, especially the reduction of army strength, was attributable to budgetary considerations. The hypothesis is incorrect. The budget undoubtedly played a part. That could scarcely be avoided. The presidential design, however, was to turn the direction of military policy away from exclusive reliance on atoms for victory. The early thesis of the Administration was that keeping two kinds of strength, atomic and conventional, was foolishly expensive, and atomic strength won preference. Now, atomic strength has been shifted back into a primarily deterrent role.

Helping the states to help themselves

Despite the hold-the-line tax policy this year, the Administration is putting tax reduction ahead of a balanced budget. Secretary Humphrey hopes he will be talking tax cuts at this time next year; about a balanced budget, he is not so sure. The reason: not politics, but Humphrey's belief that the tax burden is at present too great for the proper functioning of the money incentive he regards as indispensable in a free economy.

But the goal of the balanced budget is not abandoned, and because it is currently incompatible with the expensive politics of militant welfare, the Administration is prompted to attempt some legerdemain. There has been much talk of using federal corporations, with authority to issue bonds, for financing programs too expensive for the budget or the debt limit. Senator Byrd doesn't like it.

There has been talk, too, of "partnership" with states and lesser governmental units and with private people. For example, in the highway program, suddenly, the federal government was ready to be extraordinarily generous — if the states would do their share — but nothing definite was proposed to

help the states find the money. As the proposals came along, each accompanied by declaration that it would strengthen the people without aggrandizement of the federal power, the recurring question was, how?

To take one example, the President has again proposed his health reinsurance program, requiring only a modest federal outlay and leaving most of the responsibility to private health insurance groups. Beyond that, he would water roots. He would expand research and training, help the building of medical facilities and the training of medical personnel, attack problems of air and water pollution, continue grants for hospital construction, maintain federal and federally aided health services across the nation, and foster atomic medicine.

In respect to the development of natural resources, Eisenhower argues almost sternly that it needs more local and private initiative, and that where the federal government enters, it should do so only as a partner. Definition of the boundary of federal responsibility is lacking. Its determination seems to be on an *ad hoc* basis.

Politically, the Eisenhower position raises the question whether the public will applaud it for what it is not but is advertised to be — a "welfare" program — or whether the public will perceive what it is, a massive retreat of the federal power, and applaud that.

The pressures on Eisenhower

Apart from the program itself, Eisenhower's political position may depend in good part on the public judgment as to the quality of his stewardship. It is a favorite belief of Vice President Richard M. Nixon that people in the main forget details like the ayes and noes on a tax cut amendment, and form their political decisions on total, cumulative impressions of a public man.

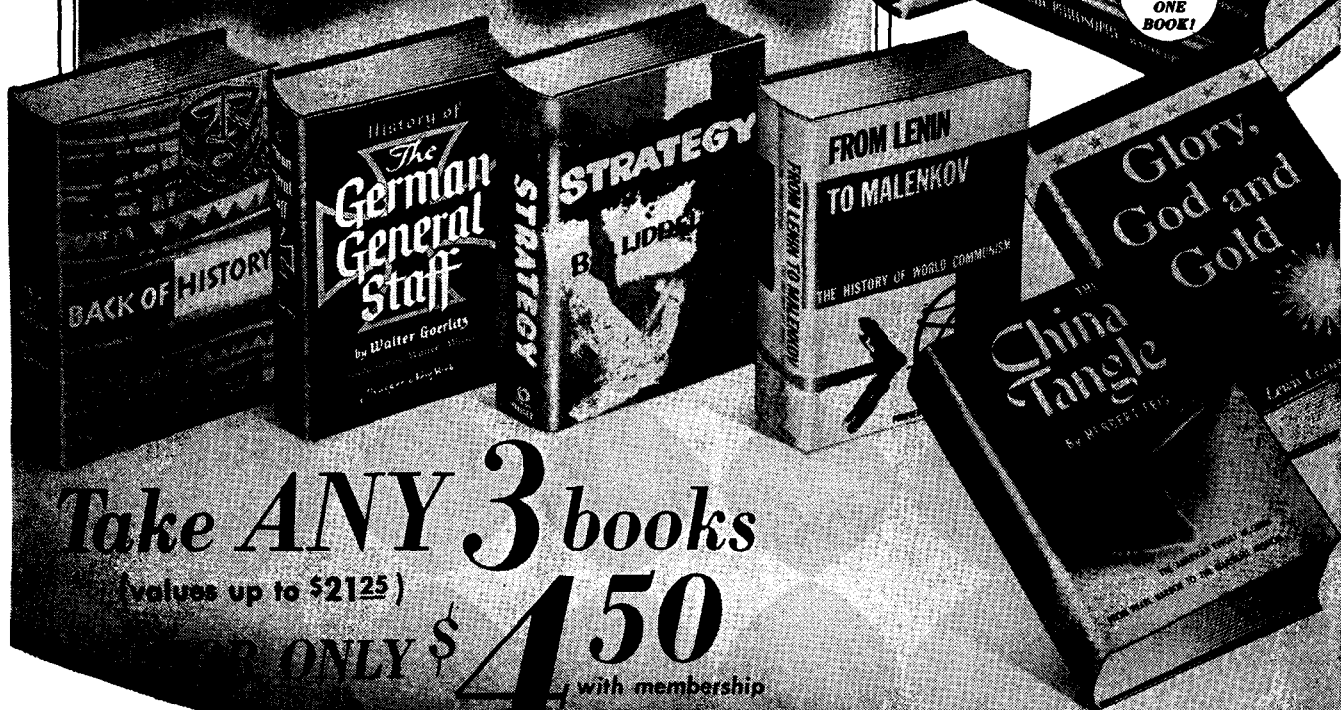
In the stewardship line, Eisenhower has plusses and minuses, but one of his men, Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, has guaranteed a *tour de force*. He proposes to save \$1.75 billion without knowing, at the moment, just where. The various budgetary allotments in his department come to \$35.75 billion. The total entered is \$34 billion. Wilson says he will come out at that figure just by good housekeeping as he goes along.

In attempting to make his position a party position, useful next year, the President is up against the fact that it is only the right of his party which exerts pressure on him and pushes for its

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own, usually negative, purposes. To some extent, therefore, the program becomes an accommodation of Eisenhower's own views to the necessities of dealing with the right, which knows what it wants — and doesn't want.

Federal aid for school buildings

The inner struggle between the spirit of economy in President Eisenhower and his sense of obligation to be bold and dynamic was nowhere more apparent than in his handling of the problem of emergency federal aid for school construction.

In his State of the Union message in 1954 he had said the federal government "should stand ready to assist states which demonstrably cannot provide sufficient school buildings."

Yet the budget he has now submitted for the fiscal year 1956 carried no funds to aid school construction except those for a continuing program in what are horribly described as "federally-impacted areas." At the last minute, however, after the budget was frozen, the President evidently decided that further studies would not be enough. He committed him-

self, in his State of the Union message, and again in the textual portion of his budget message, to action now.

At the same time, the strategic situation in Congress improved. The Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare opened hearings late in January on five aid-to-education bills. Bipartisan and bicameral support developed for a straightforward bill drawn by Representative Carroll D. Kearns, Pennsylvania Republican. His Democratic colleague on the Education and Labor Committee, Representative Cleveland Bailey of West Virginia, put his name on it — the first time in Kearns's eight years in the House that such a measure gained bipartisan sponsorship. In the upper branch, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Minnesota Democrat, and the Republican Senators Irving M. Ives of New York and James H. Duff of Pennsylvania joined up, and the Kearns proposal won the sympathetic consideration of Senator Lister Hill.

The Kearns bill is the simplest of all. In its opening passage it recognizes the primary responsibility of states and local communities for education,

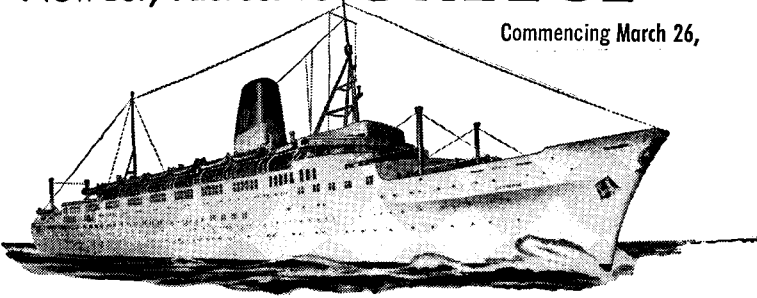
credits them with "vigorous efforts" to provide classrooms, blames the current shortage on "abnormal conditions" throughout the country for the past twenty-five years, and declares that the situation threatens the "security and welfare of the people as a whole." With that rationale, it is established that the "national interest" requires federal aid.

The bill would provide for federal payments to state educational agencies "to the extent necessary to provide school facilities adequate to" the needs of the states and localities. It contains no fixed appropriation, carrying instead an authorization, covering the next fiscal year and the five years after that, for such appropriations as are necessary.

From that money, a state would be allotted a portion of the total fund corresponding to the ratio of its school-age population to the total school-age population. All children five to seventeen, inclusive, would be counted. The bill closes with a ringing prohibition against federal interference in "personnel, curriculum, or program of instruction."

Friends of the measure hope that it will win safe-conduct through two major areas of controversy where previous measures have been ambushed. The proponents of segregation can vote for it, they believe, because states which fear that federal aid might interfere with segregation do not have to accept the proffered funds. They hope that Catholic support can be won for the measure, too, because of the large numbers of Catholic children in public schools who would benefit and because it does not appear to step on sectarian toes. A school construction measure runs into less difficulty of that sort, anyway, than would one providing funds also for administration and operation. There policy questions — like the school bus issue — intervene.

On realistic analysis, the Administration appeared to have arrived at a point where it could no longer oppose federal aid for school construction, as it did in the last session of Congress. A construction program is a useful thing to have around as insurance against recession. Having committed itself to an ambitious highway program, the White House could scarcely do less for school children.



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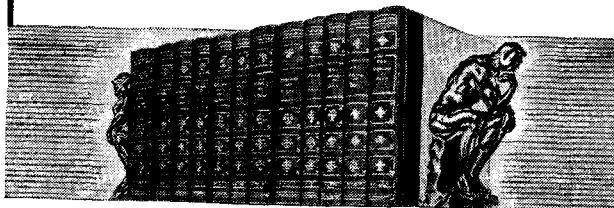
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A3-5



Central America

THE six small republics stretching from Mexico's southern border to the juncture of the Panamanian Isthmus with South America have been lightheartedly described now and then as the Balkans of the Western Hemisphere. For the better part of the past year several of the republics, in varying degrees of exhibitionism, have been living up to the nickname.

Guatemala, after experimenting since the late 1940s with an increasingly leftist government, underwent an anti-Communist revolution last summer. Honduras last December was frustrated by constitutional complications and congressional politicking in electing a president. The country now is ruled by an interim administration which, though technically constitutional and reasonably competent, hardly has sufficient popular support to guarantee stability.

In Panama, President José Antonio (Chichi) Remón was shot to death on January 2. A strong and able president, he was the victim of an assassination plot which involved, according to police evidence, a number of leaders of Panama politics and social life.

Finally, the second week of the year saw the outbreak in Costa Rica of an armed movement against liberal President José (Pepe) Figueres. The military venture, which included strafing by airplanes, bombing of open cities and towns with explosives and incendiaries, and invasionary tactics by organized troops, gave strong indications of having been munitioned and equipped from Dictator Anastasio (Tacho) Somoza's republic of Nicaragua, next door to Costa Rica.

This view of Nicaraguan aid to the revolt was indorsed within a week by a five-nation fact-finding commission hastily dispatched to the fighting area by the Organization of American States in Washington. The inspecting group refrained from the final step of specifically blaming the Nicaraguan government for fomenting an invasion of a neighbor's territory. But it did call directly on the government to discontinue intervening in Costa Rica. At the same time, the OAS Council of Amer-

ican Ambassadors in Washington took the unprecedented step of making combat planes available to the Costa Rican government.

Meanwhile, one Central American state sat out the region's conflicts and tensions: El Salvador, the most thickly populated though geographically the smallest of the republics, was busy harvesting bumper crops and developing new industries from its big hydroelectric dams on the Lempa River.

Murder at the race track

The shooting of Panama's President Remón had the oil-slick efficiency of murder in a mystery novel. Remón had been chief of state since October 1, 1952. Within that time, he had reduced Panama's floating debt from \$10.7 million to \$4.9 million; negotiated a new Panama Canal treaty with the United States greatly to his country's financial advantage; and secured \$1.5 million in loans from the International Bank for agricultural machinery and grain storage facilities. He was launching, with United States technical assistance, a hard-driving program for agricultural and public health development in Panama's long-neglected hinterland.

When he was chief of the national police he had functioned behind the scenes as strong man of Panama's domestic politics. He had broken four weak presidents since 1949, three of whom he installed in office. Naturally, he had made enemies. But in his own 1952 election campaign and subsequent administration, he seemingly had overcome old grudges. His campaign and administration had united five factional parties which had backed the previously deposed statesmen in an overwhelmingly pro-Remón coalition. Only the "Arnulfistas," a somewhat hairbrained faction tied to the fortunes of Dr. Arnulfo Arias, a career demagogue whom Remón had ousted in a gun battle at the presidential palace in 1951, remained aloof from the controlling combination.

Remón, moreover, had shunned dictatorial methods and had ruled by constitutional means. He was personally and politically popular, and his popularity was growing. The day after New Year's — a Sunday — Remón watched his horse, Valley Star,

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win the tenth race at Panama City. As night fell he was celebrating his victory with a tippie of champagne in the track clubhouse. Careless of his security, he had encouraged his bodyguards to start a game of dominoes. A hundred yards from the clubhouse a black sedan stopped suddenly. A man, unnoticed and unidentified, slunk through the shrubbery up under the open clubhouse windows. Came a blast from a sub-machine gun. Two members of the presidential party fell dead, several were wounded, and the President died on the way to a hospital.

Political plot

At once followed a roundup of nearly a hundred suspects and suspicious characters, including former President Arias. But it took twelve days after the shootings for the break to come.

Then, a man arrested on January 5, Rubén Miró, a Panama City lawyer of prominent social connections, reputedly ruinous gambling debts, and wide acquaintance in the underworld through frequent service as "public defender" in the criminal courts, con-

fessed, in a signed declaration presented by the Panama National Guard, that he had carried out the assassinations singlehanded. Back of the physical deed, Miró's statement related, lay a complex plot.

Miró declared that he had shot the President at the instigation and with the knowledge of the man who had succeeded to the presidency — Panama's First Vice President, José Ramón Guizado. Guizado, Miró said, had promised him for his pains the post of Minister of Government and Justice — a temptingly lucrative spot in any administration friendly to grafters. Others in the plot, Miró proclaimed, were Rudolfo Saint Malo and Thomas Nieves Perez, Guizado's associates in a big local contracting business, and Guizado's son, José Ramón, Jr.

A flavor of potential Communist involvement in the plot was added by the arrest of two young Panamanians who until recently were cadets at Guatemala's Military Academy. One of them, José Edgardo Tejada, expelled from Guatemala last summer for trying to launch a military putsch

against the incoming anti-Communist administration of President Carlos Castillo Armas, was named by the Panama police as having furnished Miró with the murder gun.

The ensuing crisis rocked the Panamanian government from top to bottom — especially the top. As soon as the Miró confession became known, the cabinet ordered President Guizado under house arrest. By early next morning, the National Assembly in a pre-dawn session had impeached Guizado, forced his resignation, ordered him jailed for trial on charges of plotting the Remón assassination, and installed Second Vice President Ricardo Arias Espinosa as President.

Arias — neither relative nor political affiliate of Arnulfo Arias — promptly named Alejandro Remón, brother of the murdered President, head of the Government and Justice Ministry, as evidence of the new regime's determination to investigate and prosecute the assassination plotters relentlessly. Significant shifts occurred with Arias's succession among the National Guard — the nation's police force. The commandant, Bolívar Vallarino, and his principal deputy, Saturnino Flores, went on leave: the first because of blood relationship with several of the alleged plot-members, the latter because of a long-standing friendship with Miró.

Some were inclined to discount the Miró confession, either as having been extorted by the police with third-degree methods, or as having been made up, so far as Guizado's purported part was concerned, out of a ruined and desperate playboy's imagination. This view had at least in its favor the fact that Guizado, a successful but colorless businessman — a graduate of Vanderbilt University, incidentally — had little in his record or personality to suggest an appetite for Renaissance villainies.

Whether the investigation and subsequent trial of the alleged conspirators would resolve the conflicting theories was, of course, uncertain. What did remain apparent was that Panama's recent hard-won improvements in stability under Remón would be difficult to restore.

The trouble in Costa Rica

The Costa Rican-Nicaraguan clash came out of long-standing ideological



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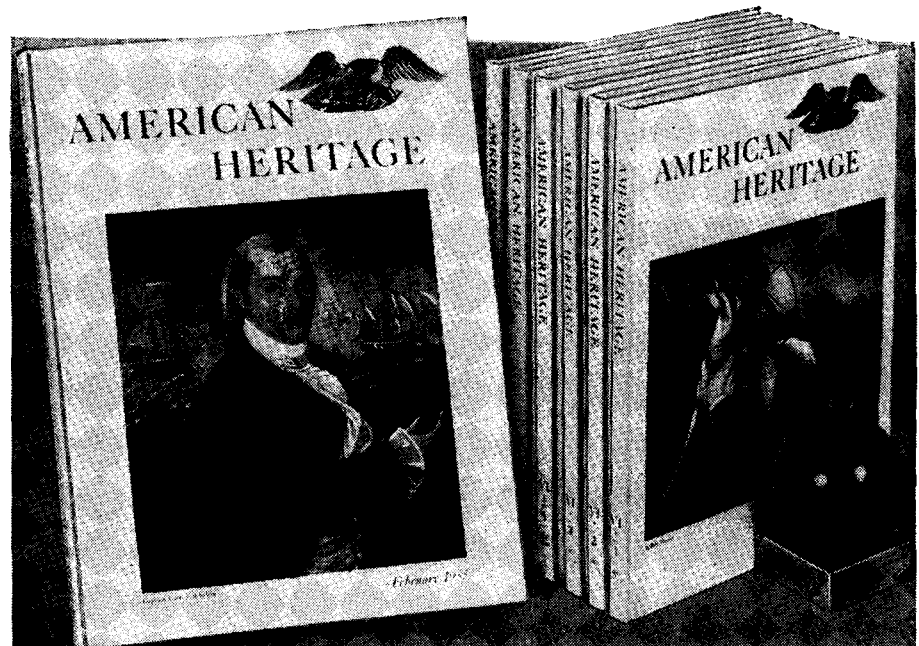
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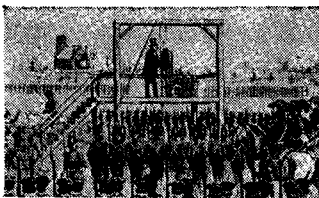
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and political conflicts between the two republics, stepped up considerably by the personal antipathy between their presidents. Dictator Somoza had run Nicaragua as an orthodox Latin-American despotism since 1937.

A hard-boiled, occasionally humorous military man trained by the United States Marines during their occupation of the country in the 1920s, Somoza has permitted his subjects no such foolishness as a free press or free elections, and few, if any, civil rights. Now and then, in a gesture of personal generosity, he has extended some social and economic benefits to the populace — public health and agricultural improvements, for example, and modest fixed wage increases. But in general he has managed his republic as a private corporation for the benefit of his own family and those of his principal henchmen.

Nicaraguans who do not like this state of affairs have been encouraged to go into exile. Those who have openly protested, or tried to operate an anti-Somoza underground in the homeland, have risked loss of fortune and uncomfortable periods in jail.

Over the southern border in Costa Rica, things are almost exactly the opposite. In a country about the size of West Virginia, 85 per cent of a population of nearly a million are literate, and 80 per cent of the male farm population are landowners. The early settlement was mainly of solid Spanish peasant stock, and there has been little racial mingling in the country's development. Since the end of the nineteenth century, except for a single decade beginning in the late 1930s, Costa Rica has functioned politically as a free democracy and established a tradition of orderliness and good government rivaled in Latin America only by Uruguay.

Two Costa Rican presidents of the World War II era, Rafael Calderón Guardia and Teodoro Picado, attempted to import the strong-arm methods of neighboring dictators into the republic. The Communist strategy of outcry against economic abuses and promises of social improvement was used in the Calderón-Picado appeals to the masses.

At the polls in three presidential elections prior to 1947, Communist

gunmen stood by the booths to see that the votes were cast and counted as the top political chieftains wanted. Costa Rica, indeed, came within a hair's breadth of becoming the Moscow outpost of the Western Hemisphere several years before Guatemala did.

Background of a feud

This outcome was prevented partly by the fact that the less obvious techniques by which Guatemala was captured had not yet been perfected by the Communist strategists, but even more by the sudden appearance on the scene of a new Costa Rican political leader — Pepe Figueres. An electrical engineering graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Figueres was a successful sisal and coffee planter, and owner of a rope-manufacturing plant.

In 1942, then in his middle thirties, Figueres suddenly broke out in a radio speech protesting against the government's heavy hand on popular liberties. The speech was never finished. Halfway through it, the regime's political police broke in on the studio, jailed Figueres in solitary for a few days, and banished him for two years to Mexico. He returned in 1944 to continue his opposition underground.

Then, in 1948, he publicly supported Otilio Ulate, a conservative San José newspaper publisher, for the presidency against Calderón Guardia. Ulate won by a decisive majority. But President Picado nullified the polls decision by making phony charges of voting "irregularities" and forcibly holding on to his office. Figueres organized a revolt with, as he whimsically described it, "seven shotguns, some fireworks borrowed from a church, and the people." Within five weeks he had overthrown the Picado government, and was installed as provisional president.

Ruling through a junta of Costa Rican liberals and the anti-Picado Congress chosen in the 1948 election, he restored order and constitutional liberties, and in November, 1949, turned the government over to Ulate for a four-year term as the country's duly elected president. Meanwhile, Picado had fled to Nicaragua, where he established working relations with Somoza and eventually became the dictator's private secretary.

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Figueres, after Ulate's succession, spent a large part of his time away from Costa Rica, lecturing in the United States and promoting anti-dictator sentiment among groups interested in Latin America. In 1953 he returned to Costa Rica and was elected president by an overwhelming majority for a term beginning in November, 1953.

The rebels gather in Nicaragua

Policies during the Figueres administration appear to have won decisive mass approval, but have had enough New Deal flavor to alienate a considerable number of influential conservatives, including former President Ulate. Hence more than a trickle of irreconcilable enemies of the regime have crossed the border into Nicaragua as voluntary exiles. There they have spent their time and quite a bit of money concocting plots under Dictator Somoza's chaperonage and fomenting the legend that "Pepe" is a dangerous Communist.

The facts in the record—that Figueres in his provisional term outlawed Communist rallies and party activities, suppressed the leading Communist newspaper in the republic, abolished the strongest Communist union, the Public Works Syndicate, and refused help from Costa Rica's Communist party boss, Manuel Mora, in his 1948 revolution—are debonairly ignored by his opponents.

Out of all these enmities grew the revolt which threatened overthrow of democratic government in Costa Rica and threw consternation into the Organization of American States as 1955 opened. Fortunately, consternation produced action.

The OAS dispatched a commission to the scene, consisting of the OAS ambassadors from Brazil, Ecuador, the United States, and Paraguay, and with Luis Quintanilla, Mexican ambassador to OAS, as chairman. These men represented governments sympathetic to the international rights and viewpoints of the Figueres regime.

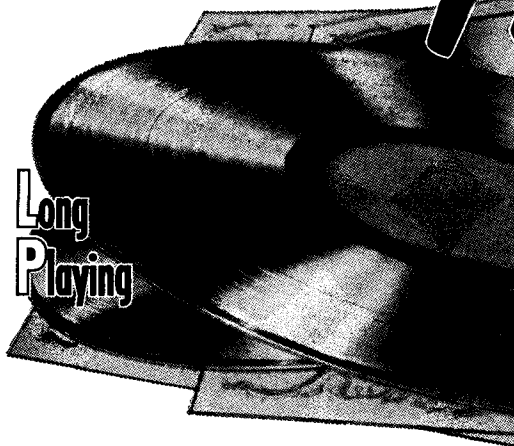
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France

LAST summer, just before the conclusion of the Geneva Conference, Georges Bidault remarked somewhat acidly of the new French Premier: "Either he will be a Disraeli or a Kerensky." The eight months that have elapsed since then have been enough to render an unequivocal verdict. There is little doubt today that Pierre Mendès-France belongs in a class with the great Victorian statesman rather than with the Menshevik revolutionary, and that he is the most outstanding politician that the Fourth Republic has produced.

If there is one unmistakable sign of this personal pre-eminence it is certainly the unpopularity that Mendès-France had succeeded in arousing in French political circles. For in a country like France, where criticism is a national instinct, hostile opposition is itself a tribute to talent. Since the Liberation, nineteen successive Premiers have had an opportunity of earning this form of negative recognition, each to a different degree. Bidault was disliked, Ramadier laughed at, Robert Schuman pitied, Queuille ignored, Pinay suspected, and Laniel buried beneath a mountain of contempt. But not one of them — with the possible exception of General de Gaulle — has aroused such a tempest of fear and abhorrence in influential circles as Pierre Mendès-France.

Perhaps the most virulent opposition that he encountered emerged in the National Assembly itself. And this for a good reason. French deputies long ago developed such a hypersensitive instinct for absolute legislative sovereignty that the one unpardonable sin in a fellow politician is executive success. Mendès-France, in the eyes of many of his colleagues, had more than his rightful share; so that inevitably, as he advanced from one achievement to another, he unleashed against himself all those petty parliamentary passions which have been arrayed against every strong French political figure in modern times — from Léon Gambetta to Charles de Gaulle.

The most venomous manifestation of this parliamentary opposition was the attempt made last autumn to saddle Mendès-France with the responsibility for the "loss" of Indochina. The oppor-

tunity arose as a result of the revelation that secret minutes of several meetings of the National Council of Defense had been leaked out to certain newspapermen and to the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

It is now clear that some of Mendès-France's most powerful opponents were hoping to be able to turn these embarrassing revelations into one of those major political scandals that have proved so useful in the past in upsetting governments and in damaging careers. (It took Clemenceau twenty years to recover from the "Panama Scandal" of 1892.) They were thwarted only by the determination and shrewdness of the Minister of the Interior, the young and energetic François Mitterand, who succeeded in running down the source of the leaks before the Mendès-France government could plausibly be accused of having fostered them.

When they found that they were unable to destroy him in open combat, Mendès-France's opponents resorted to a malicious whispering campaign accusing him of treason. This almost brought his government down when "L'Affaire Dides" came to a head in December. In the course of a tense debate that took place in the French Assembly a hitherto obscure deputy called Jean Legendre (who has been compared to Senator McCarthy), without offering any valid proof for his fantastic allegations, accused Mendès-France and Mitterand of having handed over national secrets to the Vietminh.

That day was one of the blackest in the history of the post-war Assembly. Before the debate was over, 43 million Frenchmen had been afforded the spectacle of seeing Georges Bidault, the former head of the Resistance movement in France, lend his sly support to a campaign of insinuation hatched against the French Premier by a former Fascist and wartime collaborator called Tixier-Vignancourt.

Hostility to Mendès-France

To such an extent has Mendès-France now become the most controversial and dominant figure in French politics that every party, with the exception of the Communist, is seriously torn by conflicting attitudes toward him. The Socialists, who have

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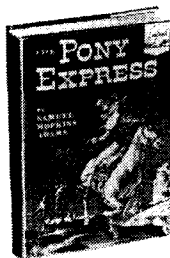
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given him greater support than any other party, have not been able to overcome a basic suspicion toward a man who, though he wears his heart and his purse on the left, remains a stout bourgeois. The MRP, which opposed him out of bitterness at the defeat of the EDC, has not been able to prevent a small minority of a dozen members from voting for him. And even in his own party, the Radical Socialist, there is an important faction led by the party secretary, Martinaud-Deplat, which is hostile to him.

Election warm-up

The year 1955 promises to be as turbulent for French politics as 1954. For the election warm-up has already begun. Normally the skeptical people of France, who long ago formed a deprecatory and unchanging opinion of their politicians, would not take such political preliminaries too seriously. But the possibility, brought about by these intraparty divisions, of a complete destruction of the traditional alliances has set tongues wagging in every *bistro* in France.

Last December in a speech to his followers, General de Gaulle went out of his way to praise Mendès-France in a characteristically eloquent phrase for "his ardor, his vigor, and his valor." It was the first time in ten years that the hypercritical and doctrinaire General has had a good word to say about a leading French politician. He backed this up by intimating that he might, if he deemed the situation serious enough, enter into the forthcoming election campaign.

This elliptical remark has opened up the prospect of an alliance between himself and Mendès-France. With the support of men like André Malraux and François Mauriac, this would be a volcanic phenomenon on the French political scene. No doubt such an alliance is a solution *in extremis*. But Mendès-France is too clever a politician not to realize that the mere threat of it is a sword of Damocles to suspend over the head of a refractory and unruly parliament.

The economic tide turns

While Mendès-France and his advisers were busy preparing the general lines of their assault on the problem of France's antiquated industries, the country was having an economic boom.

The year 1954, in fact, was the best post-war year that France has known. The overall level of industrial production rose by 8 per cent, and the output of French farms increased by 5 per cent. The national income rose to a new high of 42 billion dollars. The automobile and truck factories of France turned out 590,000 motor vehicles, or more than 100,000 more than the year before. Twice as many houses were built as in 1953. France even came close to balancing her foreign trade. Her deficit in 1954 was half of what it was in 1953 and only amounted to 2 per cent. Last October, for the first time since the war, France actually exported more than she imported.

For this salutary turn in the economic tide two main causes are responsible. The first is the general upswing in the economy of Western Europe and North America that took place during 1954. The second, and purely French cause, has been the economic policy of Edgar Faure, France's Finance Minister until his appointment as Foreign Minister in January.

When Faure became Finance Minister in the Laniel government in June of 1953, he embarked upon a cautious program of slow but steady economic development. His objectives were to keep prices stable, to increase wages slowly so as to benefit the lowest income brackets, and to raise the purchasing power of the French public. Thus demand would rise and new production would be stimulated.

To spur on this policy, Faure introduced an important innovation in the existing taxation system. For years the French economy has been suffering from two prominent ills. The first has been the steady development of an unnecessarily large army of parasitic middlemen who have built up cushy positions for handling goods between manufacturers and retailers. The second has been a crippling level of taxes on corporation profits that has discouraged new investment.

To deal with the first, Faure altered the existing system of sales taxes so that they would bear, not on the final purchase price, but on the markup added at each stage of wholesale operation between factory and shop. To deal with the second, he took a

calculated gamble and reduced the level of taxation on corporate profits destined for investment, even though this meant a loss of \$286 million for the money-hungry French Treasury.

The gamble worked. The loss was more than compensated for by tax revenues from increased production. By the end of last year \$257 million more in government revenue had flowed into the French Treasury and Faure's "Eighteen-Month Plan" (aimed at raising French output by 10 per cent) had been fulfilled six months ahead of schedule.

Coaxing industry to modernize

Despite this encouraging advance, large segments of the French economy are lagging compared with other countries. In tougher economic times France would be compelled to restore the high tariff barriers that have been insulating French industries from foreign competition and encouraging their anachronistic stagnation.

In making plans to grapple with this formidable problem, Mendès-France and Edgar Faure, who are both Radical Socialists and pragmatists, had deliberately avoided resorting to that old-style state control which was thoroughly discredited in France in the immediate post-war years. Their aim was not to lay an iron bureaucratic mold on recalcitrant industries, but to stir up and enlist the coöperation of French businessmen in discovering ways of rationalizing production and distribution.

Whenever he had had time to get away from his busy desk in Paris, Mendès-France had gone to some country town to urge local industrialists and manufacturers to get together to consider all possible ways of producing more cheaply and efficiently. In essence his message to them had been: "If you strive to modernize your methods, you will find my government more than willing to help you. But we shall not go on protecting you from foreign competition if you insist on not changing your ways." It was a new application of the stick and the carrot; the stick being represented by the lowering of tariff barriers, the carrot by government-sponsored credits.

This campaign has been producing results — not merely because of Mendès-France's individual efforts, but



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because of the sheer force of economic circumstances. The technical training program of the Marshall Plan is beginning to pay off. Hundreds of French businessmen have been taken on extensive industrial tours of the United States and have come back impressed with American production and distribution techniques. Already their innovations in certain fields are making life more difficult for their more conservative competitors.

Added to this has been the mounting pressure of the spoken and the written word. In every economic meeting, France has been castigated by her neighbors for failing to liberalize her tariff policy, and has been threatened with expulsion from the European Payments Union.

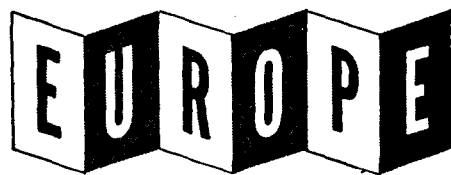
Many newspaper articles have focused upon the real and alleged causes for France's economic backwardness, and darkened them with prophecies of doom. All over the country, Frenchmen are beginning to realize that if France stands still while the rest of the Continent is on the move, she will end up, like Spain, an economic outlaw in Western Europe.

The need for salesmanship

A number of French businessmen, furthermore, are discovering that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with their methods of production, but that the trouble often lies in antiquated forms of salesmanship. A typical example was recently furnished in the cutlery industry of the Haute Marne, where most of the knives, scissors, medical instruments, and gardening tools of France are made. When the local manufacturers got together to find out why they could not stand up to German competition abroad, they discovered that their workmanship was every bit as good as that of great knife-makers of Sollingen and Tuttlingen.

Where the Germans were vastly superior was in their method of distributing the finished products. By publishing joint catalogues for different firms in many languages, by wrapping razor blades in red paper emblazoned with the hammer and sickle for Italian workers, and by using camels to carry great advertising posters through the streets of Middle Eastern towns, the Germans had pushed the French out of one market after another.

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The crucial issue in 1955, however, will not be Mendès-France's program of economic reform. France is not at present in a state of economic crisis, and is not likely to be at a time when economists are predicting an annual increase of production of 6 to 8 per cent, an agricultural increase of 4 per cent, and a rise in the wage rate of 6 per cent. This time the angriest wind of all is blowing across the blue Mediterranean from the hot sands of Africa.

The French in North Africa

"The future of France," Pierre Mendès-France declared some time ago, "lies in North Africa." It was a significant remark coming from a man not given to uttering empty phrases. For the French have now reached a point in their relations with the Tunisians, the Algerians, and the Moroccans which is comparable in gravity to that reached by the British in their relations with the Irish at the beginning of this century. Only for the French the problem is twice as complex. The religious conflict is basically more violent. And what is at stake is not the interests of a few thousand colonial adventurers, as in Indochina, but the future of 1.5 million French settlers.

Today a dangerously powerful current of attraction — coming from the direction of Mecca and Cairo — is threatening to pull the Arab inhabitants of Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco out of the French orbit. Were it to succeed completely, it would be a serious setback for the Moslems of North Africa no less than for the French, for they owe most of their well-being and a good portion of their culture to the French. But Arabs like Habib Bourguiba, the leader of the Neo-Destour in Tunisia (whose wife is French), know that there will be no way of controlling the explosive force of North African nationalism if young Moslems find that most doors of the professions and the administration are closed to them.

Of all of Mendès-France's spectacular initiatives, his conciliating moves in North Africa may well be judged the most brilliant. They succeeded momentarily in stilling a mounting tempest of violence, in the face of tremendous opposition from different quarters. And what he did, perhaps no other French politician today could have done.

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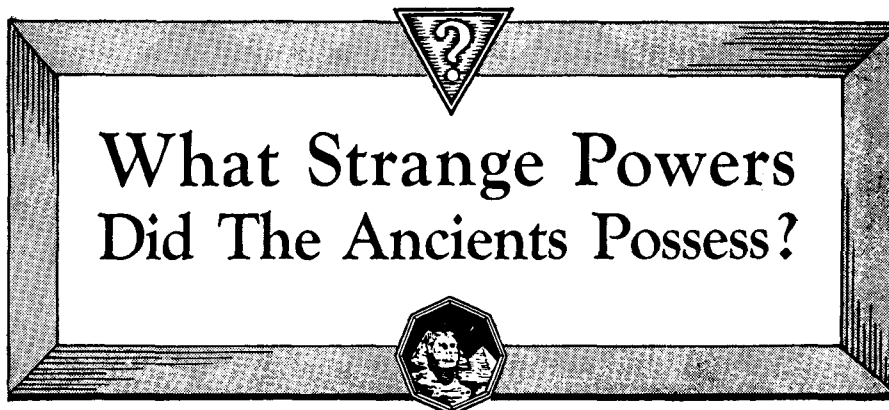
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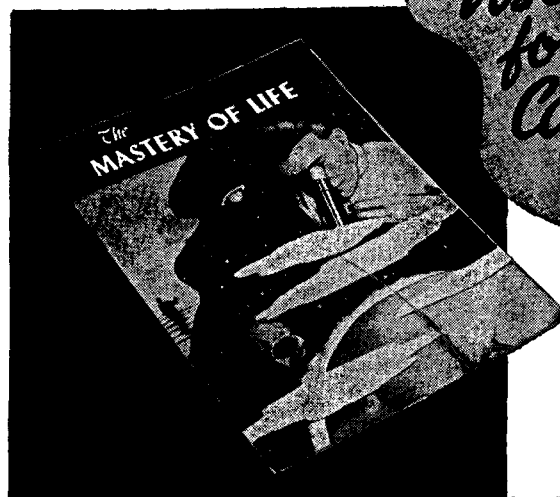
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But improvisations are not a policy. No one knows it better than Mendès-France, who is a planner even more than a gambler. He knows that in the long run nothing can offset the strong pull of the Arab world unless France continues to be a fertile source of political and economic, as well as cultural, inspiration for the inhabitants of North Africa. “Great enterprises alone,” General de Gaulle recently declared in the first volume of his Memoirs, “are capable of compensating the ferments of dispersion that the French people carry within them.” And what he has said of France is even truer of her empire.

For Mendès-France this conception of things is as axiomatic as it is for the General, who remains (along with Poincaré and Blum) one of his three political heroes. The difference is that for Mendès-France the great enterprises worthy of France should be primarily economic.

Franco-German arms factories?

It is this that explains Mendès-France's passionate interest in the establishment of a Franco-German arms industry in North Africa. Such a move would help to cement Franco-German relations and at the same time keep the production of military weapons out of the exclusive control of the power-hungry barons of the Ruhr. It would provide an initial use for the deposits of iron, coal, and manganese that lie buried beneath the sands of the Sahara in the region of Colomb-Béchar. It would give thousands of unemployed Tunisians, Algerians, and Moroccans the bread and the work that they now so sorely lack. Most of all, it would show the doubting inhabitants of North Africa that France is still capable of conceiving policy on a scale worthy of a Marshal Lyautey.

Whether such an enterprise can be pushed through may well be the question of the year. Unfortunately, in a nation divided, as Pierre Daninos has remarked, into 43 million Frenchmen, the vision of one man is easily buffeted on the waves of an individualistic and overcritical opinion. The French Assembly decided early in February that it could muddle along without Pierre Mendès-France. But if it tries to get along without his imaginative North African policy, it may well find the going even rougher and bloodier than in Indochina.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Freedom to Think"

SIR:

I have read with great interest and general approval Zechariah Chafee's article, "Freedom to Think" (January *Atlantic*). His title, however, seems a little misleading. There is plenty of freedom to think. It is freedom to talk that we want.

Since Professor Chafee has referred to my classes at Harvard as a "most fertile nursery of Socialists" and to me as "a conservative of the toughest fiber," I hope that I may be permitted to say something.

I may be a conservative of a sort; at least I am against Communism and its less warlike brother, Socialism; but one of my most cherished possessions is a letter from the late Justice Holmes completely endorsing one of my books. I also remember quite vividly the time when Dr. Harold J. Laski stopped me on the street and said, "Professor Carver, you are the fairest member of the Department of Economics."

Professor Chafee also states that the reaction against my teaching "produced the flourishing Harvard Socialist Club around 1910. One of its members, John Reed, is buried in the walls of the Kremlin. Another Socialist Club member was Walter Lippmann." I cannot remember ever having met John Reed. I believe that most of its members were Socialists before they took my courses — if they did. The story as told to me at the time was that I was making Socialism so unattractive that the Club was formed to combat my influence. I believe that to be the truth of my part in starting the Harvard Socialist Club.

The longer-lived and more influential Harvard Liberal Club started with a group which was formed to study, under my direction, the problems growing out of World War I.

There were those, however, who accused me of making Socialists, but not in the manner Professor Chafee implies. They considered that I was too tolerant toward Socialist theories because I presented the Socialist side of the question too well, because I assigned considerable portions of *Das Kapital* as required reading, and because I invited leading Socialists and single-taxers to address my classes.

The opposite theory was invented by the notoriously creative mind of Dr. Laski, whose ardor for me had definitely cooled with the years. Professor Chafee has chosen to believe his story.

T. N. CARVER
Santa Monica, Calif.

If I reach the verge of ninety years, I hope it may be granted to me to write with the vigorousness and incisiveness of Professor Carver's letter. I have always regretted that going to college elsewhere prevented me from ever being his student. Before teaching at Harvard, I wrote an appreciative paper about some of his books, entitled "A Prophet Among the Professors." Although not always in agreement with him, my views were and are much closer to his than to those of the Harvard Socialist Club. The reference to him in my article as "a conservative of the toughest fiber" was intended to express admiration for the strength and integrity of his reasoning.

The purpose of the whole passage

from which he quotes was to combat the common notion which now makes many citizens scared of radical teachers: "They think that students believe what they were told in college." My point was that no such blind acceptance is given to teachers, whatever their views. In order to drive this point home, I intended to describe what Mr. Carver says in his letter: that he was making Socialism so unattractive that the Socialist Club was formed to combat his influence. To a large extent, this incident of long ago illustrates the opening sentence of my paragraph: "Undergraduates do not believe all that their professors tell them, even if it happens to be right."

— ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

SIR:

Since it is not a little presumptuous of just another 1915 Harvard Law School grad even to suggest any possibility of error in an article containing so much of merit as "Freedom to Think," I write this with some hesitation.

Professor Thomas Nixon Carver's fame as one of the few original thinkers of this century in the fields of economics and sociology is too well established, and the love and admiration of thousands of his former students too deep and lasting, to be affected by a *non sequitur*, which even a Harvard Law School teacher and author of such standing as Harvard University Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., has apparently permitted himself to indulge in without any real necessity and to no good end.

I refer to the second paragraph on page 28 of the article. Since Professor



If it weren't for brand names
You'd have to be a tailor
to know a good suit

You never see the most important parts of a suit, thousands of inside stitches, padding, stiffening and seams. But if they're not right, your suit won't look like much in a very short while.

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A GOOD BRAND IS YOUR BEST GUARANTEE

Chafee mentions only two names — John Reed and Walter Lippmann — I shall call up only two of the thousands of fine, intelligent, patriotic, and more or less prominent citizens who benefited — some more, some less — by the honest, sound, sane, and logical principles and reasoning of Dr. Carver: namely, Robert Gross, Chairman of the Board of Lockheed Aircraft, and Clarence B. Randall, Chairman of the Board of Inland Steel, Chairman of the Randall Commission, and author of a trilogy (rather remote from Socialism) entitled *A Creed for Free Enterprise*, *Freedom's Faith*, and *An Economic Policy for the United States*.

DAVID R. RUBIN
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

Medicine and Missionaries

SIR:

Far be it from me, a layman in medicine, to argue with Capt. Oskar P. Friedlieb, M.C., U.S. Army Hospital, Fort Dix, New Jersey, about the medical implications of Pearl Buck's recent, much commented upon article. But it is the good medical captain who goes entirely too far in indicating all missionaries with his statement: "That the missionary, medical or otherwise, has not on the whole distinguished himself in China or elsewhere is a matter of record" (January "Atlantic Repartee"). May I respectfully ask, Where is the record which Dr. Friedlieb invokes?

My own experience in Africa and in China belies the assumption of Captain Friedlieb. The achievements of missionaries in works of medicine, education, and religion have been hailed by numerous military and civilian authorities — American, British, French, Chinese, Japanese, and others — and this fact, I believe, is a part of the record. Dr. Albert Schweitzer is not an exception but a type of those thousands of generous souls who give up their homeland in order to minister to souls and bodies abroad.

MSGR. MARTIN T. GILLIGAN
Mission Crusade
Cincinnati, Ohio

I Personally —

SIR:

There never was such a poker player as Billingsley ("Portrait of a Poker Player," *Atlantic*, December, 1954); if he existed, he would by this time have won all the money in Houston — not to mention Dallas and Fort Worth — and a new univer-

The Atlantic Monthly Press
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HOWARD NEMEROV
on receiving the \$3000
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Mr. Nemerov's latest novel
Federigo, or, The Power of Love
was published last fall by
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Thomas Mann has said: "It
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and of a very high spiritual
level, and I am very fond of it
in its dreamlike surrealism, its
social criticism and its deep
psychological insight."

Mr. Nemerov's new book of
poems, *The Salt Garden*, was
published last month.

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THE DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

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—F. S. C. NORTHROP,
N. Y. Times Book Review

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sity would have been endowed, per-
haps located in Amarillo, where Bil-
lingsley would consent to pass on to
some favored few the secrets that he
had learned.

Mr. Anderson has given us a com-
posite portrait, selecting the out-
standing characteristics of several
excellent players. I rather suspect
that Mr. Anderson has included him-
self in the portrait; it is hard not to
believe that Dillon Anderson draws
two cards to a flush. I do not in-
tend or mean my comments, invidi-
ous as they may seem, to be taken as
expressing a small or carping point
of view. The portrait drawn is one
that none can help admiring—we
look on it enviously and with a hope
that there couldn't be any one that
good, else the rest of us mortals needs
must throw in the sponge here and
now.

GEORGE O. PRATT
Beirut, Lebanon

SIR:

Please allow me to say that John
Masefield's "A Festival Theater"
(January *Atlantic*) disturbs me. Does
not his topic almost dictate that he
take into account the theaters in ex-
istence which fulfill his specifications?

There is, for instance, the Stratford
Shakespearean Festival in Stratford,
Ontario, Canada, which presented
consummate performances in the very
kind of theater Mr. Masefield's Lon-
don has not got around to building
yet. James Mason starred in *Measure
for Measure* and *Oedipus Rex*, and the
principals were mostly Canadian. Ty-
rone Guthrie (for whom we are
grateful to England) directs. And so,
while Mr. Masefield considers that
his hypothetical company tour the
Dominions, he might also consider
having a Dominion company tour
England.

Although I have not fully digested
the article, I would suggest that it is
not nearly comprehensive enough in
its scope and scarcely worthy either
of England's poet laureate or the
Atlantic. Why not, as a sequel, an
article on the dramatic festivals of
North America?

CHRISTINE STEWART
Cardinal, Ont., Canada

SIR:

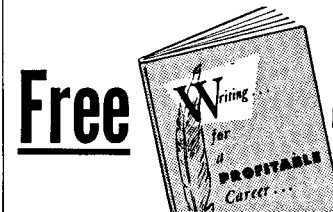
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A-3

too, use a variety of the bottle-of-whiskey-old-hat-on-the-bedpost remedy.

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This is the first time I have contributed to Repartee, but if I were to receive the slightest nod or hint by way of suggestion that my views are welcome, I am prepared to furnish further comments on world events, the future of Asia, and even Dixon-Yates.

WILLIAM D. LOESER, M.D.
Buffalo, N.Y.

A Correction

SIR:

When did all you people fall asleep and allow Mallarmé to declare (*sic*) that "perfumes, colors and sounds correspond to each other"? This incredible bull is on page 37 of George Copeland's article ("Debussy, The Man I Knew," January *Atlantic*). You can only make it up to Baudelaire by quoting at least a quatrain: —

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent

*Dans une ténébreuse et profonde unité,
Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.*

For shame.

FORREST ROSAIRE
Burbank, Calif.

We regret that this error in attribution occurred in George Copeland's article, and are grateful to Mr. Forrest Rosaire, who was the first of several readers to point it out. — THE EDITOR

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Schools-Colleges



COLLEGES

Thoughts about College, #2

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to "picture-on-the-wall" television

General Electric develops a screen surface that amplifies light many times

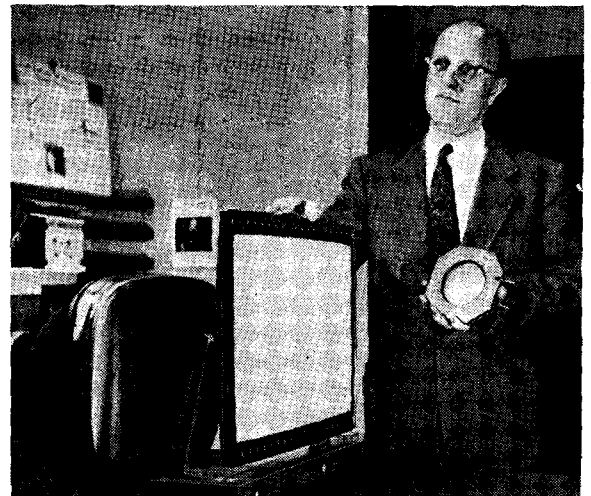
This new discovery permits scientists to increase the brightness of a projected picture without increasing its light source

The two pictures on the left show what may be one of the more important scientific discoveries of recent years.

The top picture shows a dim image of Dr. Willis Whitney, Dr. William Coolidge, past Directors of the General Electric Research Laboratory, and Dr. G. G. Suits, current Director. It has been thrown on a new kind of phosphor screen by ultraviolet light from a slide projector. The bottom picture shows what happens when the screen is "turned on" and an electric current applied to it. The surface actually reflects back more light energy than is projected on it.

Light amplification in a single phosphor layer is a basic discovery. It may open the way to TV sets so flat they can hang on the wall, improved equipment for medical research and other exciting possibilities.

This key development is one of the recent contributions of General Electric's continuous program of research, which over 76 years has led to new products and jobs. As we see it, it is a good example of progress in the American way.



Thin TV set of 1965, as designers imagine it now, is shown next to one of today's TV tubes. Dr. Suits holds in his hand the new light-booster screen developed by Dr. Ferd Williams and D. A. Cusano of General Electric.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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Playwright and director, GARSON KANIN began his career as an actor; he gained his experience in production as an assistant to George Abbott and Samuel Goldwyn, and as a director for RKO. In his plays he is a master of dialogue — as anyone who has seen Born Yesterday well knows — and an innovator in his ability to capture the American idiom at any level. In the long story which follows, the narrator, serving time for a pal, has been encouraged by the prison chaplain to write out how it all happened.

DO RE MI

by GARSON KANIN

I AM sitting here in the sneezer. Taking the fall for Fatso. Again. It is not so bad. They got a television now, only the food was better the last time. May be changed cooks. I hope I dont catch stomach trouble is all I hope.

Yesterday I had the Heart to Heart with the chaplin. Same joe as was, only this time older. Come to think, Im too. Older and dumber if not I would not got in here. Again. The chaplin is ok and no bull. He says, he is dis-appointed to see me back in and I say like wise. He says, what happened. Well I should of told him how I am taking the fall for Fatso. Again. But than I figure whats the good. So he looks on my card and he says to me, you realize you are a three time loser. I say, you dont need to tell me chaplin I know it better then you also how one more time and I could get the Big Deal. He says, how do you think you are going to not. So I could of told him because this is the last time I take the fall for Fatso. but I did not. The hell of it is Fatso dont think I am taking the fall for Fatso. He knows it but he does not think it. He claims if not on account me he would not of got in the "hot mustard." Go argue with him.

Any ways the chaplin says, I see you got six to ten. (Months) I say, yes sir. He points on the sign in the back to him. It says on it: DONT SERVE TIME — MAKE TIME SERVE YOU! I didnt get it the last time and I dont get it the this time. But I dont want to hurt his feeling so I dont crack I just look sad

and shake my head up and downwards. Next thing he says, have you thought over care full how this happened to you. I say, the breaks. He gives me, you ought to think over the hole thing right from the beginning so as to know how it happened and where you made your mistakes. I say, yes like as if it was a pinochle hand. He says, you got the idea.

Only my trouble is when ever I start in to thinki ng, I fall to sleep. I tell him this. He says, why dont you write it out. First I dont get it than he explains me. I say, ok. So now Im sitting here writing it out. He says it will be good for me, the chaplin. He gave me the loan of this book of the Webster's Dictionary and says, go to it. All I hope is I can finish by the time I have to get out because it takes time and I got to look up in the book of the Webster's Dictionary plenty of the words I am not too positiv how to spell them. And so far I am still on the store room crew and I am out of condition for the bending it takes. So after supper I feel more like to lay in on my back or go to the movie when it is one, but he says (chaplin) this is better to do. He says, make time serve you. I didn't get it the last time and I dont get it the this time neither. But naturally I am bucking for the time off for good behavior and I am never sure whats good behavior but I think its if you do no matter what they tell you to. So:

I think the whole thing it started in that night in the Casa when they opened Beny Louis. And Peggy

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Ray. I am hanging around in there making a little legitimate book in the case any body. I am sitting up back against the wall with a nice broad, living. She was no killer on looks but she knows every thing. One of those kinds. Also talky. I am funny. I like them talky. And this one (Kay) she knew it all and than some. Like if you would happen to say to her, who is that ballhead guy with the two pros. She would probably no doubt know. In cards and spades. I use to call her some time, The Information Booth.

So we are sitting there this night eating Hawaiian and pretty soon the show looks like it is getting set to start. Any ways the different waiters are bringing in different tables and they are putting them in the front of the ring side ones so the ones who had the ring side ones have not got the ring side ones no more. And there is a lot of beefing going on but no trouble. The band starts in coming back in and the next thing you know here comes more tables, they are getting smaller the tables and so is the space on the floor for the floorshow. It is a laugh how all these chumps and wine buyers they come out for a good time and they wind up sore. (as a boil) Pretty soon the lights they go out and the chorus comes on and they are right away bunking in to one other pretty bad on account the no room. So you could imagine how surprise they are and every body else when the waiters they start in to bring even a nother table and they stick it right down in the front of the middle and I couldnt hardly believe in it because this table they stuck it right down in the front of L.M. (I dont care to write out his name because it makes me nervous to look at it, but he has been no doubt the hardest boy ever went and now he is one of the biggest pieces of this place so how come they put down in the front of him, in fact he just got put down him self in the front of some person The Information Booth tells me owns three four moving picture companys) So I cant wait to see who is going to make this spot and in walks a joker very skinny and tall and wearing glasses with a tuck on. He has got an other guy with him looking practically the same and two chicks who they look like they never been in a joint before the way they are looking around.

They sit down the four and naturally champain. The first guy has to be tall and he is sitting right in the front of where L.M. cant see any thing but the back of the guys crew cut. (L.M. is little in tallness) By this time every body has gone back to watching the show because these kids in the show they have not got much on them in the way of dresses. But I personally have seen what they have before, manys the time and any how I am interested to see what is going to happen down on the ring side. Nothing good I am ready to lay odds.

This has to be the time my broad with the ans wers she picks to go in the powder. And when she goes its any bodys guess when is she coming back

on account of Helen who works it is an old side kick of her and when they get in to a smoosh it takes godknows some times. I dont complain because I got the idea this is where mine picks up a lot of her know. So I am sitting alone and watching what is going to happen and pretty soon I see the Captain go on over and L.M. says some thing to him. He dont look at him mind you he just says and the Captain goes. A couple minutes Toolio who is running the house comes over and him and L.M. have a little buzz and the next thing Robbie him self comes and he squats down and he blows some thing in L.Ms. ear I dont know what. Than L.M. makes a small yes with his head and Robbie squats away.

Well by this time the mc introduces Peggy Ray and she gets a great hand and she comes out and just before she starts in to sing she looks surprise and steps down and leans over and she gives this guy with the glasses a king size kiss right in his kisser. Than she goes back to sing and she does it fine but I am still watching this guy while he is wiping off the lip stick off of him laughing. After a while mine comes back and I ask her who is the guy. She looks down there and she says, mygod he is John Henry Wheeler. This means not a thing to me so I say, whose he. From Washington or what? She says, no only he is the biggest man in the song and music game. he has got practically most of the records and the juke boxes in his pocket. he can make a singer or a band or a song just on his own sayso. And she keeps on talking and telling me the whole story of his life which who cares. But I am looking at this guy and worrying how such a squirt gets to top such a take. It makes me nervous so I blow.

I go across the street to the little bin there and I drink my self a beer and I been in the place about a thousand and a half times and I never see the juke box there before. I say to Timmy, how long thats been here. Whats been, he says. The juke box. Always. I cant believe it. I go over and I study it over. I say to Timmy, this is better then the old slots, you know it. with this you never got to pay off no jack pot. also no law in your hairs. So I knock in a quarter and damn if Peggy Ray dont start in singing the same song I left her singing across the street. It was Erie if you know what I mean. And than is when I made my big mistake. I thought of Fatso. That was my big mistake. I should not of.

2

WHY I thought of Fatso was, on account of the crack about the slots because that was the last hustle we got hooked up in together. Til that little La Guardia decides to get big so he goes hard nose and starts in to rough up every body in the slot business which was mostly Fatso. Who made up his mind to give the system a scrap only he come in

second and I helped him to come in second. The gag he thought was: no sooner they picked up a Machine, the next day to stick in a nother one and I was the one was sticking. Than come the pinch (in Passaic) and the blow off. Fatso sends a counselor and the counselor tells me how to cop the plea and says if I am to mention Fatso it will be not too good. He tells me to play it cozy and Ill get off with a light and after, Fatso will see me. This is what I done. Only when I come out, Fatso is out. I mean out of business and out of town and his reputation is shaking and he cant operate nothing so he is back in Jersey City. I am in no kind of shape at all and the two skins they give me the day I am sprung do not give me the feeling of loaded by a longshot. I go to Jersey City. Fatso looks to be running a garage. I ask him what it is fronting and he says it is a garage and thats all. So I give him my sob and he gives me back a bigger one. Every thing in the wifes name and she slammed off with the college kid that use to be the accounting. So he says, good bye and goodluck and dont bother me. I didnt feel sore in fact sorry for the guy he looks such a dead battery. He was never a rough man with a buck when he had it but I saw he was checked out so that was that. Things can certainly change. I would never of thought I would ever see a firstclass character like he running a garage fronting nothing.

Getting back to that night in the bin across the Casa. I think of Fatso and how he organized the slots and holygod what he could do in this new touch and I get excited and lose my head and the next day I am on my way to Jersey City in Jersey.

First I miss the place because it is all changed around. Now it is still a garage but with like a bar and grill attached to. It is the morning and I go in. A guy is sweeping out and when I seen how it was Fatso I could of burst out. An other thing. Fatso has got so thin so when I say, how you Fatso, it does not sound even sensible. He looks at me and like squints and it takes him time to recognize me and the first thing he says, beat it. I say, whats a matter. He says, dont bother me. I say, I like to buy a sanawich and a cup of coffee off you. whats wrong with that. He goes in the back of the counter and does it and after a while we are talking friendly. While he is talking I feed the juke box and it plays. I say to him, whats youre deal on that box. He says, search me. I go look on the side of it and sure enough there is a little sign tacked on to it says, WHEELER CORPORATION. I say, whats youre cut. Nothing no cut, he says. they put it in and change the records and it costs me nothing for music in the joint which you got to nowadays. I walk back to him and I say, how about if I ask you to put in a box, the same as that may be better and every countup I throw you ten per cent? Fatso puts down his broom. I can see he is beginning to dig me. The one thing he was always sharp. You in that business, he asks me? No, I say to him, we are. He

dont answer a thing he just goes around the back of the bar and he opens up a bottle of rye and he pours out two shots and he pushes me one and he knocks back his and he says to me, talk.

So I get going and I tell him how this is the hottest thing going and about the Wheeler guy and how all it needs is organization and who is the best? Him. All the time I am giving it he is looking at the music coming out of the box. Finely he says, the only thing I made up my mind I took the oath never again not, only strictly legitimate from now on. Im getting too old for the rackets. I look him in the eyes and I tell him, you aint old Fatso. you only act old. you are in youre prime. He says, just the same. I say, what is un legitimate about this thing. name me one. He says, keep going. So I do my pitch, the one I practiced up on the train going out. I say, the way it looks to me here is some thing big which is practically like the slots only bigger and up and up. I figure you and some of the other slot characters are with the experience and the talent to take over or if not get your self a piece.

At this Fatso pours him self an other shot and puts it away. Than he looks at me, not mad but almost and he says to me, soft, (I got a very nasty feel in my back of my spine when I hear that soft way of his again) He says, when you say other slot characters, what have you got in youre mind. I say, take it easy a minute. so far this is all talk. you are the first I have mentioned to. I am no organizer. thats you. I am just the connecter. you are the boss, Boss. He says, keep going. I say, I see where this needs three points. one is the organization. two is dough. three is a little power, like "salesmanship." He says, so far you are one thousand per cent right all the way. who is two and three. I say, up to you. He says, dont stall me. who you got in youre mind. I say, well like, this is just gassing you under stand but like for instance I would say for the dough part may be like well say for instance — like say — Skin.

Soon as I said out this name, Fatso looks at me (red) but I do not flinch. He says, take off. I say, whats goods that. by gones are by gones. Thats right, he says, and crumbs are crumbs. I say, the only difference this is a crumb with some chips. Fatso says, I ought to know some of them are my chips. if no body else can you ought to be able remember the cross he threw us that crumb. after we made up to stick in every time they pulled out, does he? no. he keeps selling us his Machines so he winds up with a roll and we wind up with a rap. I wind up, I says, who done the bit after all? Thats right, so how come you got the crust bringing his name up. (About now I can see my whole hot flash in the ash can) I say, so what if you would of wound up with more so would you have it now. no. you know who would, and her college friend. Im talking right out plain Fatso. He talks soft again (the way I dont like it so much) and he says, you sure in the

hell are boy. if I was you I would watch it. I say, just the same if we could get him to be willing why not. Ill think it over, he says. who is number three. Legs, I say. A very good number three, Fatso says, only you forgot one detail. he is dead. Since when, I say. Since he died, Fatso gives me. You got him mixed, I say, he aint dead, he is running a chicken farm in Upstate New York. that was his brother took it that time. Fatso says, I remembered they both took it. No, I say, you are remembering wrong. Well, if he is not cooled, Fatso says, he is a good man for the power. I say, you mean the "salesmanship." Thats what I said, Fatso says. So we keep up talking it over and over and we finish the bottle of rye. We are figuring every thing every whichway and it looks good. I am stiff as a board around now, but not him. He was always like that. It is like milk to him. So we make up that the next day we go to Upstate New York and try it with Legs.

3

ON THE train I show Fatso a few books I bought. They are Variety, billboard, and Downbeat. These books tell all about the business we are practically in. It looks to be full of nothing but money. We are looking over the big sellers and singers. Fatso says, if these are all so wellknown these songs how come I never heard a one. I say, they are all on your Machine. He says, I never heard them. Because you dont listen, I say. from now on we got to listen because this is going to be our business. I know songs, when I was a kid I took violin. didnt you? He says, no. my kid sisters took piano, not me. Didnt you take any thing, I ask him? He says, sure I took any thing wasnt tied down. Than he laughs. Very hard. So I too. (from the olden days I remember that when ever Fatso laughed every body else had to also if not he didnt like it) Now he looks out of the window for a long time, and he says, I can see we are going to have to have a number four. What for, I say. A music expert, he says. They are a dime a dozen, I tell him. Never mind dozen, he says (mean) one is all we need. He was starting in to sound like the old time Fatso.

From the Gloversville Station we call up. Legs is surprised. We go out in a old car that is suppose to be a taxi. The farmer charges us one-eighty. I pay and I am beginning to see this better work out because I am getting to have a nice little investment tied up here. Legs is sure glad to see us and he shows us around his chicken farm which I didnt care if he did or not. His mrs comes in. I remember her from the way back. When she use to do a turn in the joints. Singing and dancing. She always had plenty of stuff but it was not in her singing and dancing. Other places. She looks different now. A little I would say on the hefty side and a touch of gray in the head and the dress she is wearing is like as if she would of made it for her self. I say, hello Thelma.

She says, you dont know me mister. I dont? No, no more. So I crack, small world. She says, thats right and getting smaller all the time. Than she turns in to Legs and she says, what is going on around here. He says, you got me there dearest. the boys said they want to see me. She says, didnt you tell them you didnt want to see them. Me and Fatso are looking each other bugeyed. She talking so up to him. In the olden days he was known to throw manys the punch at male and female both. Now he sits there egg on his face. He says, please Thelma. She says, outside. And that is where we wind up if you believe in it or not. In a chicken house and that is where we talk over this million dollar trick. He goes for it like I never seen a guy. Especially he likes how it is not un legitimate. Only he says he has got to talk it with Thelma and if she can see the light of day ok. But he is worried and says, the only thing how Im going to get her to go for the idea of this is a level with you two folks in on it. But he says give him a couple three days and he will get square.

So we get ready to goof off. He makes us each take a dozen of eggs. Fresh. Than he walks us to wheres the bus. When it is starting in coming we every one shake hands. Fatso says, I was glad to see you Legs especially on account of how I understood you are dead. Legs says, nothing to it. We get on the bus where I leave my eggs on purpose on the seat and it begins to look we are off to the races.

By the end the week the three of us are sitting talking to Skin. Him we go see by the track and he takes us on between bets. He is got older too, the same like the rest of every body. Also he looks to be a little green around the gills and is developed a nervous "tick" I think they call it. Every body remembers Skin they remember how he was all the time flipping him self a half of a dollar. Up and down up and down. And he is still doing it, the same thing. The only thing, he keeps missing it all the time and I am grovelling around on the ground half the time finding it for him. Some he loses. No body makes a mention of his aim and he keeps on flipping. Trying to I mean to say. He listens good though and when he has got the picture, he says, ok guys deal me in. So every body shakes every bodys hands and from here out, action.

The first thing was an office. This is on fourty ninth street for two hundred and fourty a month with the loft for Machines. The name got picked was The Music Enterprise Associates, Inc. To me this is a stupid name but the idea came from Skin and at that time no body was in a position to argue (on account of him being the staker) so no body argued. Skin put out for a bash of Machines (secondhanded). Also there was a ton and a half ton truck for the hauling and other stuff what ever we needed for the lay out.

The way it started out it was so cinchy that it was no enjoyment hardly. Just for the luck of it,

the four of us took on the first press. Right across the street from where we took the office is a good busy bar. We go in together the four. We all stand around a minute. A guy is mopping. Legs talks. Lets have the boss, son. (The guy must of been seventy odd, so he calls him son. That is Legs for you) The mop guy is so scared he practically runs practically. Two minutes a large-sized type of man comes in. Legs waits for him to get close. The four of us are standing looking. The boss says, what can I do for you fellows. Legs gets right on the top of him almost and he says very low, who you getting youre music from, Mack? The boss looks over us and he says, why from you fellows. Very good answer, Legs says. very healthy. we stick our box in here after lunchtime. get this one out. Thats right, says the boss. lets have a drink. So we every body have a drink. Now Fatso explains him the deal with the ten per cent cut and the guy likes it. Then he says, the saloon keeper, I dont want to tell you men how to run youre business the only thing I hope you dont load up the box with classical and opera. they are not for the type of crowds I get in here. I know some places, like spaghetti joints, they do a good trade with Caruso stuff but in here it just lays there. here they like loud dame singers and all the number one tunes. (We are all listening like crazy because it is no mistake this guy knows more about what we are suppose to know about then we know our self) Skin says, dont worry about it. we will give you the best. We go.

The first day we spotted every Machine (Twenty) and by the end of it every body is feeling oatsy. It looked like the ship not only come in but docked and unloaded. My only beef was how no body seemed to remember who it was had the idea. I. Only no respect or mention. I guess once a stooge always.

Every thing gets to be on the move and we are learning fast and the first thing we find out is twenty Machines is nothing. So the next, Fatso starts in to whip and right away we spotted over two hundred. (by now firsthanded) This is more like it and the collections start in to begin amount to some thing. What is wrong. Nothing. We are doughed up good, the all of us. Personally I am putting away steak (welldone) every night in Gallaghers. One thing I did not mention so far, in fact I forgot it on purpose because when it happened I did not want to remember it. But I do and will put it down because I am suppose to every thing. It was a few weeks after we are on the way. Legs is in the charge of spotting the Machines and every so often I go with him for backing up. In a lot of the places they seem to know who is Legs and if not they seem to get the idea he is not play full. It is going like a "fixed" fight. No trouble. There is a little gossiping but Fatso says forget it. Even one time there is a thing in Danton Walkers about guess who is now running the biggest juke box business in town you would be

surprised. Legs is for having a chat with him so as to advice him. About how it would be better to clam. Fatso says, lay off. so far he is free advertising if he keeps on saying we are the biggest may be we will get to be. Legs feels different but every thing is going so good no body wants to tangle amongst each other.

But about what I forgot: one morning after lunch time Legs and me step down to the Village. This is a new territory we have not even touched. There is a place there with the name of Sullivans. We go in to the inside of it. There is no body there only a small Redhead man. Legs says, I like to see the boss, son. Redhead says, I am him, son. (Legs did not go for this man right off) Legs says, we are putting a music box in here today or else tomorrow instead of the one you got there. Redhead says, what makes you think so. Legs says, I am telling you. Redhead smiles and he says polite, I am satisfied the way I am. So I can see may be trouble so I say, we can make you a better deal. we give ten per cent of the countup. At this Legs hots up and he says to me, since when your handling this. So I back up. He walks over to the man and he says, what about it. The man says, ten per cent is a nice number only I dont want youre Machine in here. Legs says, why. Redhead says, because I dont like the way you do business coming in here like some old time hoodlum and telling me what you are going to do in my place and not asking. That is tough, Legs says. Now Redhead says, goodbye, and he turns away. Legs steps after him and gives him a spin around. I was nervous because this was the first time muscle. Redhead gets white. (in his face) Legs says, I dont want to have to put you through the grinder mister. The man says, well that makes two of us so we dont have to bother. Legs says, ok than how about it. Redhead says, just a second. With this he moves two three bar stools away and a table with some dishes on it and a coat rack. I cant figure out what is he doing. Legs neither. Now he steps back to Legs and he takes off his glasses (he was wearing glasses) and he says, now you want to step out or can you use some help. Legs reaches inside of his vest and just when he done this Redhead throws a kind of a stupid looking round house punch and it catches Legs on the side of his head and it knocks him right out from under his hat. I know this is hard to believe but I seen it. Legs winds up looking surprise, sitting in a booth holding on to his ear and his hat comes down right on the spot where he was standing before. And sick to his stomach. Then Redhead takes a step to me (of all people) He says, how about you. I said, no thanks. I realize this was a child-ish thing to say but I am trying to put down the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth like you are supposed. Next stop: to the doctor because Legs claimed his ear was hurting him some thing

terrible so we went. He told the doctor he had ran in to some person by mistake, which was not exactly a "lie" if you look at it in the right way.

That night was a meeting and Legs told that he did not think the Village was any good because all the operations down there are too small and also he heard the kind of persons who ran it are un reliable. He says, ask Hubie he will tell you. (Hubie is my name. Hubert) Every body looks at me and I say, it is no good down there. Than me and Legs look to gether and I know who ever I am ever going to have trouble with he is not one of them.

Village or no Village every thing is going hotstuff when all a sudden we run into the first ditch. We start in to getting calls from our different customers, they want the Joe Stratton I BELONG TO YOU which is very big just than. I call up where we get our platters and I start in to chew the guy out for not putting it in and he gives me, it aint available. I say, dont give me that it is on practically every box in town. He says, Wheeler boxes only. it is his record. I tell this to Fatso and the boys and the next thing they send for Wolfie (our record man) to talk to. Wolfie starts in to tell them the facts of life and they turn out to be the kind of facts that are not too good. Once and a while they look at me as if to say you stink. What can I do. Wolfie says a record like the one we are asking is a Wheeler job because Wheeler has got the control of Joe Stratton and he makes her records on special deals so that he has got exclusive on the box rights. Wolfie says, you boys are beginning to have a big bash here and may be you should have your own artists. Wolfie blows. I speak, well we are living and learning. Fatso says, well learning any how. He was in a not good mood.

4

THIS is how we got in to looking for our own talents. The way Fatso caught on right away he is some "genius." We all started in to go from one place till the other, looking. I got a hold of Kay (The Information Booth) and she took me to a place to hear some blue singer, who she said is great. I could not tell if or not. Fatso was going around the different agents. Legs asked his wife and his wife said how about my old partner Russ? This did not go good with Legs and the day this Russ come in to sing for us Legs was hoping he would turn out a foul ball and he got his wish. I brought up my blue singer and no body went for. Skin come up with a great idea, he says, lets get Bing Crosby. So we had to straighten him out. We all come up empty except Fatso, at least he found this novelty gazoo band, they played on all different sizes of gazoos.

We sign them under contract and they make a two sided record and we put it on the Machines

and it does only fair. No loss but just about paid off. These gazoo guys were ambitious and took us a couple months to get rid of, they kept coming up all the time with new ideas and arrangements and driving us crazy. They would come in morning noon or the night and some time if Fatso would say how we were busy and did not have the time, they would start in playing out side any way. In fact the next few months we never knew when they were going to turn up which they did all the time.

Than we hear The Jazz Brothers (they are a big act) are changing over and there is a chance to get them. So we go to The William-Morris-office to hear their new stuff. It is ok. But when we start to hear the kind of a deal they have got in their mind, or that is the kind of a deal their agent has got in their mind — we can see it is not for us, or that is, not for Skin who is still our chip man and he is beginning to worry because with all the trouble so far the best we can seem to be able is break even. And like Skin says, this good I could do playing favorites in Jamaica. So we go from The William-Morris-office and naturally just as we are coming out who is coming in but this guy John Henry Wheeler. My guys dont know it and I dont tell them.

Than came the BIG THING. We get in the elevator the four of us and no body is feeling any good. The elevator girl is a cute little head with long hair hanging down til here. We get in the elevator and she steps out. We wait. Fatso says, lets go honey. She says to him, Im sorry sir I have to get my signal. Fatso, mad. She is snapping her fingers like I never heard. Sounding like a tap dancing. Pretty soon she gets in and starts the car. She keeps on snapping her fingers and the next thing you know she is singing and whistling together at the same time it sounds like. The god damnest thing I ever heard. Next thing you know we are all listening to her and we close in. Every body claims he was the one got the idea but I was there and to tell the truth the truth is that every body got the idea the same time. We must of stayed in that elevator for twenty minutes. A fellow from The William-Morris-office told me after how he was downstairs waiting and he was watching that thing tells where is the elevator and he couldn't figure out if he was going crazy or what because the way it was going back and forth and up and down and never got to the top and never the bottom. What was happening was Fatso wouldnt let her land, this longhair girl, and he kept making her sing some more and ask her where does she come from and all that.

It turns out she is a southern girl (from the South) Nineteen years of age from Tennessee. What she is doing in New York is she is going to beauty school at night and putting her self through it with this running the elevator job. Well by the time she run it up and down a few dozen times every

thing was changed around and when she finely did get it to the bottom Fatso took her by the one arm and Legs by an other arm and took her right the hell out. She was squawking a little and hollering she had to turn in her uniform and she couldnt leave the elevator, but no body listened. There were some people in the lobby of it there wondered what the hell, but I laughed it up and Skin too so every body thought some joke. Well we take her right to the office and Fatso sends for the counselor and he tells the girl she is going to be the biggest thing lately if she plays her cards right and she says the only thing I dont know if I can do it in the front of any body and Legs says whats that? This is going to be all on records so from than on it was ok.

Naturally I dont have to put it down here that this is Nan Needles because any body with ears on in the USA has heard her by now. At that time we didnt know our self about her playing the zither. All we knew was the singing and the whistling and the snapping the fingers.

A week after, we cut the first record. CRAZY AS A CRICKET. The whole thing was getting to be breezyr and breezyr because it turned out so we hardly ever had to worry what this kid should sing or buying numbers or like that because she was full of numbers she said she learned them from back home (South) in school or on the hay ride. So she makes CRAZY AS A CRICKET and TENNESSEE HAYRIDE on the other side and this turns out a mistake on account of them two goes one and two. So than we split them up and backed up each one with some nothing she happen to remember so than the two nothings goes even bigger. No body could make it out. Her and her zither is the hottest thing going. Like Fatso says one night, boys it looks like we have caught the lightning in a bottle.

They start in going like hardcakes, the records, and we have got them and her and every thing is the most acey-douchey it has been for some time. Offers. That is what we started in to get. This one wants her. And that one. But Fatso is not going for nothing. Wolfie tells us a good thing would be she should go do it some place where the people can see her in the person. So we think. It is anyplace we want. In the Paramount or the Casa or the Waldorf. Big argument. Every body has got some own idea. But she her self is for the Waldorf. Why? Because how she tried to get a job there on the elevators and they give her the turn down. So that is why she holds out for the Waldorf.

While we are deciding to make up our mind a funny thing happens. Very. We are all in the Mecca for a session and pretty soon we got the take and getting ready to leave, Legs says, wait a second. Sit down every body. Than in comes a small five piece combo and a girl. Legs says, I

want every body listen to this certain special song and give theyre opinion. The combo starts in and the girl puts glasses and starts in to sing from the lead sheet. And she gets about as far as:

*I love you because you are you
I love you so what can I do
Your eyes and all your other things
To my heart the sunlight brings
I love you because you are you*

About that far and Legs is looking around I dont know why is he "sweating" like a stung pig but he can see from the different looks on the different faces that it is going over like acres of nothing. He jumps up and he says no no no no. Every thing stops. He says to the singing woman, that is all wrong. She says, you are so right. She hands him back the lead sheet and she goes on out. Legs throws off his coat and opens up his collar and he is like got hystericals, he hollers to the combo, slower and a heavy beat this is a waltz for Christ sake. So they play a intro and no body could be more surprise then us when he starts in (Legs) and he sings. He sounds like tenor or what ever it is Morton Downey and Phil Regan do. But whorse. May be the sound is more along the line of Talulia (not in the book of the Webster's Dictionary here) Banghead. Any way. He is singing his heart out and selling the number and about half of the way through he is crying and you can practically hear it in his pipes. And the song goes like this: at least the words go like:

*I love you because you are you
I love you so what can I do
Your eyes and all your other things
To my heart the sunlight brings
I love you because you are you
And Im one whos known quite a few
When we first met you gave your hand
Never knew a touch so grand
Lifes been a scheme where
Ive missed you
Manys the dream where
Ive kissed you
Dont change into somebody new
I love you because you are you*

This is the words of the song Legs sung. Every body is quiet. Than we stand up. Legs is puffing. He says, well how do you like the song. Fatso says, I can still smell it. Well that did it. No matter how I am trying here to stick to the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, it is no use. I could not tell what happened from than on for quite a while. I know it started with Legs walks over and swings on Fatso and thangod he missed because it could of took off a mans head. Skin jumps in to stop the next try and sure thing he has

to catch it him self. He throws one back to Legs but Legs is going for Fatso again and so how did I get hit my self. The thing made it funny was every body out of condition and missing and hitting the wrong guy and picking up the different music instruments happening to be laying around there. It went on for quite a while, finely it stopped and we all went down stairs to the bar to cool off.

In the booth there we looked lousy. There wasnt a one didnt have a bandade or a cut or torn clothes. After the first beer Fatso says quiet to Legs, what hit you man? Legs says, where do you come off passing a remark like that about that song. Fatso: my opinion. why fly off. holygod it is like as if you wrote the song your self. Legs just stays miserable. Skin looks at him and says: holygod did you. Legs says, no. but Thelma did. (his wife) We all look each other and now Fatso gets hot and he says, well why the hell didnt you say so you cheese head. Legs says, because. So than we every body had an other beer. And shaking hands all around. Still and all Fatso says, business is business and I cant help if your wife did or didnt. it is no good and cant use it. Legs says, since when you turned in to such an expert. Fatso says, since youre wife turned in to such a song writer. Legs says, I may sell out. Fatso: Im ready to buy any time. Legs: name a number. Fatso: twenty five. Legs: forget it. I got an offer already more then twice it. Fatso: so what are you waiting for. So on the side walk we split up and Skin says, come on Nan I will take you home. (by this time we got her a suit in the Waldorf so to be convenient)

5

THE next morning on the crack of dawn (around noon time) who should get me on the phone if not Nan and she has got to see me, she says. I pile out and go over. She says, I have to tell you about last night. I say, go ahead. She says Skin brought me home and he did not act like a gentle man. what do you know about that? I say to her, Nan that is the most worst thing I have ever heard in my life what you have just told me. (I am putting it on a little because the truth is I had it in my mind to not act like a gentle man with her my self in the case I ever got an opening and so I am burned now Skin beat me to the punch a little) She says, I dont know what to do because I love him as a brother or uncle and I owe him a hole lot. I look at her (with some sex in it) and I say, you dont owe him no more then you owe me. She says, I know it. I am crazy about all you boys but not that way. and I dont want any thing to spoil every thing. You are right there, I say, so what is it you want me to do? She says, would you mention to Skin, I dont know how to with out hurting his feeling. I say, Nan I will do any thing for you I can but if I should mention to

Skin the chances are he would hurt my feeling and may be some thing else too. Skin is not the type of person it is easy to tell any thing because he has got too much money. She says, he even said about he would like to get married. to me. (this surprised me I dont mind telling) She says, but I guess that is just a line. do you think I ought to may be mention this to Mr. Brunio? (she means Fatso) I say, no — you saw the kind of free for all can develop with this bunch even over a small thing so if it was over a large thing like you it could be even worse. She says, I am worried and I dont know what to do. I say, do nothing and dont worry. the only thing you got to worry is knocking them dead in the Waldorf. She says, ok. I say, and dont worry about Skin he is just a fresh character and he ought to be a shamed of him self and if he ever tries again the thing is to give him the key to the street. and dont let him bring you home no more. in fact, I will see to it personally that I am the one brings you home from now on. She says, oh that is great. thank you. With this I walk over and I take and plant one of my own on her and when I come up she is looking at me (funny) as if she doesnt know am I kidding or what — and I do not give her any help right now but I just turn away and keep going. In fact I walked about fifty (50) blocks before I stop.

The next few days nothing happened about nothing except the Waldorf business. In the papers, ads. On the Waldorf, signs. And all over town, posters. Nan is getting nervous, a little.

Now every body starts in to tell her what to do and show her and coach her. Legs is showing how he thinks, which is old hat the way his wife use to in the silver Slipper. And he thinks she ought to be low cut dresses in the front. At this Fatso starts in to raise holyhell. He says she ought to do it more cute, like a small kid. This is no May West, he says, this is more of a Shirley Temple. Skin does not like this idea, naturally he wouldnt. Legs says, or like that babytalk girl use to. (In case you remember. Boob boob a doob) I get the idea she should put on her elevator operator suit. Every body "razzberries" this idea. (I still think it would of been good personally) Than Fatso comes up with the saddest yet. That she should not put make up on her head. And a gingham dress. And sing barefooty! I said she will catch a cold and than what. But Fatso was turning in to like a real I-guy. The next thing where are we. Waldorf. And the kid is going to be on. The joint is packed. I am a shame to say it but I was wearing one of those with the tails. Fatso made every body. Including him self. We looked some thing terrible. Me with a coat hanging down in the back. (every time I moved I thought some body is following me!)

Just before she is going to go on we are all in the back with her on account she is still nervous

to do it in the front of people. But we tell her how the lights will be out and so make out no body is looking. There are plenty of flowers in there. The most looks like a whole basket of orchids and Skin looks at the card on it and he says, whats this. And Nan says, it says From John Henry Wheeler I dont even know him. Fatso says, well see that you dont. We each give her one kiss (cheek) (for luck) and we go. The lights are starting in to go down and pretty soon we are going after two waiters who are carrying a table down to put it in the front of the ring side. There is us four and Legsis mrs (Thelma) and I have brought my broad (The Information Booth). Where do they put the table but sure enough right in the front of the one where who is sitting but John Henry Wheeler and a nother like him and two dames full of icebergs on them. He is just wearing a plain regular tuck. So we looked at him as if to say. But to tell the truth even though there was plenty there got up like us (with the tails) I could not of felt wackier if I would of been wearing a bathing suit. The lights are out and on the speaker is playing soft a zither and right away there is a big hand. A voice introduces her, very fancy. A spot light. Out comes Nan and with one arm carrying her zither and in a nother arm dragging a plain like a kitchen chair. She sits down and the place goes quiet. Except one table is still yakking. Fatso goes over. So they stop. No trouble. (But could of been the way he went) She starts in to go and you could of heard a pen drop. People get to be crying and some holding hands and a funny thing when she finished the first song I figured was going to be a big hand but no. Every body just sat. She goes again and I dont know what it was but by the time she got finished we were all crying our self. Then she got some reception.

After the show we are all feeling firstclass and persons are coming over to our table and saying she is great. Later on I am doing some Rhumba with Thelma and I look over and Nan has come out from behind. She looks different. All gussied up with paint on and a regular dress and she is some hit. Pretty soon I see Wheeler get up from his table and he moves over to where ours is. I Rhumba over there fast, in case. He is introducing him self all over the place to Fatso and every body and they all sit there looking at him hard, but he dont notice it and than he tells Nan how she is the greatest thing and the next he asks her for a dance and Skin says, no. But either Nan didnt hear him or she makes out like she didnt and Wheeler neither and the next they are up there dancing. I figure it is time to go back so Thelma and me stop and we sit down. Fatso says, Legs it looks to me you got a little job on. Legs says, how far you think we can go. Fatso says, we better talk this guy and if not who knows you may have to rough him up a little. Legs looks to me and I

to him and we are both thinking no doubt of the Red Head in the Village. Legs says, well lets see what happens. So we all watch on the floor and that John Henry Wheeler looks to be doing fine and she too.

6

THE next day we are having a meeting except Legs he is not there. Fatso says how he is been up half the night worrying the Wheeler situation. He says, that is all we need is to lose that kid, the chances of finding a nother one like her is about the longest shot going. Skin says, may be if I took her out and "romanced" her a little. I dont mind doing it for the good of the business. (he says all this with his straight face!) Fatso says, dont talk so stupid she would probably laugh in your puss. Well, we are arguing this back and forth and the guy from Mecca comes in with the new sides we done with Nan. Than he says, there is no label on the backup yet because we cant find the artist credit. Fatso says, what backup. The guy says, this one. We put it on the Machine and out comes I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE YOU for godsake. With Legs singing. Fatso says, thats nothing. a bobble. The guy says, ok but what name for the label. Fatso says, no name. put some dummy name thats all. The guy goes. And we all have a good laugh. Skin says, is this ok to do. Fatso says, dont worry. who will know the differents. I say, Legs will. Fatso says, may be not it sure dont sound like him. Skin says, it dont sound like any body. And that is the truth.

This is around when Nan shows up the way Fatso told her he wanted she should. Our idea was to nip her bud. (with Wheeler) Fatso wanted to not to do it but that is what it was decided. Some body sure in the hell had to because all we needed was this Wheeler "bastard" moving in. So Fatso said ok he will handle the whole thing, only private, if not, than not. So when Nan shows, Fatso gives us the office to goof off and that is what we do. Skin asks me for coffee, but I tell him I cant handle it I got to work in the back. (Lie) What I wanted, I wanted to get the load of Fatso giving it to her. So I go around in the back there and than I move in the room the next one to him (and her). And I lean by the door and catch the ear full. The walls there being around the size of a slice of ham in a one-arm, I heard good. This is what I heard: I wouldnt say word for word under oath but the idea was like this:

HIM (FATSO): See I feel a father to you and the boys the same.

HER (NAN): Well I certainly am a lucky girl to have four fathers.

HIM: Not only that but we are all partners and the best thing is not forget we are partners.

HER: I never forget it. morning noon and night.
 HIM: See the reason this is hard to talk is I dont know how much you know about things.
 HER: What things.
 HIM: Take like men. Im talking about the kind of men we have in the city of New York and what they are after.
 HER: We have them in Tennessee too.
 HIM: Not like here honey. believe me.
 HER: Oh yes.
 HIM: Any how you know we dont want to but in youre private life.
 HER: Thank you.
 HIM: Only we dont think it is a good thing you moving around with this Wheeler punk.
 HER: He is a nice boy.
 HIM: We dont want you moving around with him.
 HER: Why not.
 HIM: Because he is not on our side and that is no bull. he is giving you a little song and dance on account you are a hot property and that is all. it is a funny thing. you will find out when you grow up older. if some body tells some other body some thing it doesnt have to be the truth.
 HER: I think you are getting too excited too soon because so far all the fellow did is ask me to have a dance with him and today sent flowers.
 HIM: Send them back!
 HER: No thank you.
 HIM: If you are going to turn out to be a nerve tester I am not going to enjoy it.
 HER: What girl doesnt like a little attention.
 HIM: It depends from who. cant you see that. honey.
 HER: I dont get much of a chance to. if I am not rehearsing I am recording or taking my picture or godknows.
 HIM: I know how you feel. honey. you know I am lone some my self. In fact I am all alone. may be some time we could have a date together. I think you are a fine girl.
 HER: I think you are a fine man but I dont want to have a date with you. or Skin neither. and so far as Hubie is concerned.

This is about the much as I heard. When she got to the mention of my name (Hubie) I checked out. I couldnt stand it to hear what she was going to say. Also I figured there is a chance she is going to spill about the pass. (Skins, also me) But I believe she must not of because Fatso never mentioned.

7

THAT night we are all hanging around the Waldorf again. (Only not with the monkey suits this time) Nan is on and she knocks them side ways again. Than we sit around and Fatso tells how he had this talk with her and it looks not too good. Legs says, may be we ought to give her a little shake.

Fatso says, yes no doubt you could rough HER up all right if you could make the weight. Legs says, what in the hell kind of crack is that? Fatso says, forget it. Legs says, next time you forget it before you say it that will be better. Skin says, ok how about we stop boyscouting around here. Whats to do.

With this we notice Nan comes out and she goes to a table up against the wall and who is sitting there but Wheeler and he stands up when she comes there and than they both sit down next to one other the two of them and start in to holding hands. All we can do is look. Skin is flipping his coin and naturally he drops it and he looks to me and I holler out, pick it up youre self for once. And I go. I dont know whats got in to me. I go around the corner and I am stiffer then a board in nothing flat.

We had a nother meeting. Fatsos place. And the only thing was, have to have a talk with the Wheeler guy him self. It is going to be no joke. So we go. Every body in the car and no talking. It was like the olden days on a job.

We get to the place and it was some place. Three four stories of a building. The floors are shiny and nothing but different moderistic furniture and all the broads around are pretty moderistic them self. What a place. We give our name. They say, oh yes. come right in. And one of the little young broads takes us down one hall and up an other one and the place is loaded with all kinds of music business and piano playing and rehearsing and recording and arranging. I never seen such a place. Than we come to the big office. It didnt even look like no office. More like some living room. And this guy Wheeler shakes hands all around and offers have a drink. I am set to grab, Fatso says, no. Next he brings out a big box of cigars. (Corona Corona) I see Legs is ready to take. Fatso says, no. After a while, Wheeler starts off, what can I do for you Fellows. Fatso says, I give it to you short and sweet. lay off. Wheeler laughs or else smiles, he says, how do you mean. Fatso stands up and says, dont give me them baby blues mister. every body here knows the score. Im telling you keep off the grass. Wheeler says, I didnt know I was on any grass. Fatso says, how would you like it we started in romancing YOUR property. you want to play rough you came to the right place. Wheeler says, you have me wrong. if you are talking Nan Needles, this is a personal matter nothing to do with the business. I admire her artist and she is a lovely young girl be side. Fatso says, thats right and she happens to belong to us exclusive. Wheeler gives, you are talking professional life. Fatso says, Im talking the whole thing. we are all legitimate and we like to keep it in this manner. Wheeler says, I like to assure you my interest in this girl is personal not professional. Fatso: youre interest better be

nothing if not you got no idea the amount of unhealth is going to start passing around. so now we are telling you once so we dont want to have to tell you twice. we are just telling you what is what and that is that. Wheeler says, I like to prove some thing to you. if you step in here next door I introduce you my partner in fact my boss, and he will tell you if we are interested in the girl in a business way of any way shape form. come on. So we all go through a door and there is a different small office with secretaries and we keep going and he knocks on an other door and we all go in. Well. You may not believe in this and I would blame no body. Who is sitting behind the desk there. Well I tell you I am a party has had my share of rough moments but this could be the worst. It is only Jimmy Ace thats all. (Public Enemy Number One from the olden times) There wasnt a one of us didnt one time or a nother work for him in some way. And had some kind of hash. We none of us layed an eye on the other since godknaws. There he was the same shorty with the cocky puss and well dressed. Wheeler says, Jimmy these fellows got an idea that. Jimmy Ace gets up and he walks over and he gives his pants a little hitch up with his elbow parts like he always use to and he says, I know I know. Than he looks to us and he says, why dont you bums leave the kids alone. Than he walks over and gives each one a shake of the hands and says, goodbye.

8

DOWNSTAIRS, we take a taxi. No body talks a long time. Legs says, mistake. we should of worked him over last week. Fatso says, when the time comes. Going up against Jimmy Ace that is a thing you have to turn over in your mind. Legs says, sooner or later we are going to have to go up against him so why not now. Fatso says, hows this. I get Jimmy on the phone and I tell him after all we are all from the way back so we understand one the other and he should get the boy out of our hair if not we are going to open up. not on Jimmy, on Wheeler. Legs says, that is a good strategy. Skin gets mad. He says, you guys are beginning to give me a pain some place. you are so old fashion you dont know what time is it. this guy he is an executive. and big business. you start with him the next thing some body is going to get jugged. dont forget every body in this cab has got some bad reputations. also I am thinking of Jimmy Ace in the case he dont see it your way. Fatso says, so what do you say do. sit still and let them pull our rug under us? Skin says, no. but like you told him. how would he like it we footsied his propertys. see what I mean. we should let him know by registered mail if he dont lay off we are going to move in on him and grab off one of his propertys. Fatso says, nothing

in writing would be better. I say, Eddie Miller would be the one to grab off. he is going like a bad out of hell these days. Fatso says, you have may be got some thing. we will see.

We saw. What we saw was we could of saved up the money for the phone calls because him and Nan kept right up. Like a regular heart team. The way it come to a head was I was suppose to take her over for a color shot for the New York Daily News and when I get there the maid (she had a maid) the maid tells me she is gone. Gone where? She had a lunch in date to meet some body Twenty-One. I go over there. I look around. She is naturally with Wheeler. I step over. He stands up. (He was all the time standing up this jerk) I say to Nan, what about the color shot. She says, oh was that today. I say, well it wasnt next decoration day. She says, Im sorry but I will be a little late. I look at them both and I say, it could be later then you think. (Pretty good) And I blow.

I go back and I spill. Fatso picks to get sore and blast me. I am trying to ask him what did I do but it is no use he is fit to be tired. Number one he is for going over there and grabbing her out by the hairs. I say to him, listen Fatso, it is no good having this kid if she is going to stop having the mood to sing. But he is not listening to nothing. And the plumbing is standing out in his neck like he is going to bust some thing for sure. So he calls up Legs and while he is doing it he tells me call up Skin to come right over.

Pretty soon we are in a real confab. This one the shades are down and all the doors locked and every body is talking soft. It was just like in the olden days. What we are figuring out is how to handle this nab because that is what we figured out we should do. It was decided Eddie Miller. There is a lot of reasons for this. First of all, he was the number one draw-ing card on every Machine. Also, he was a strictly Wheeler proposition. Next of all, he was a man and this is better if there is going to be any fancy work. An other thing he was playing the Roxy so he is easy to put your hands upon. Legs is the one who took the charge of. Because of him having been mixed up in several good "snatches" and had the experience of it. He told how the best one he ever done was with an ambulance where all dressed up in white suits and walk in and do the pickup like that and carry this person out on a stretcher and went right through the city blowing a siren. Fatso dont like this idea, so Legs says there is a nother one with a closed delivery truck where you can handle some body in the back with out any body looking. Fatso says why not just a plain auto. Legs says, go to it if you want but not with me because this is no candy job, this kind of a boy he has got a crowd out side and if he sees him self winding up in a strange automobile whats more with strange characters he is liable to out cry or some thing foolish like that than where are

you. Fatso says, you handle it and tell us what.

So what we done was like this: Legs got this delivery truck (florist) and it is pulled up along side of across the street of the stage door of the Roxy. It is half past eleven thirty night. Skin is driving. Fatso is in the back of the truck with a little equipment. Legs and me are mingling with the crowd out in the front. We have both got our autograph books with us (not real) and we are trying to get close to the door. Pretty soon out comes Eddie Miller with a few friends and managers. So the way Legs showed me I get Eddie Miller loose from his friends and managers and keep shoving. Legs gets a good hold around on Miller and the mean time Skin pulls the car over and one two three Legs has got the back of Eddie Millers coat over the top of his head and no body knows who is any body or where and boff in to the truck and the pull off. Fatso drags him back in the back and that is all I know because I am left with the crowd on the street all mulling around trying to get the autograph. So pretty soon I go. When I look back there is still confusion around the place there. I get my self a double rye and than I take a hack up town to the studio where the recording is set up. We have got Sid Bloomer there with a good pick up band and he has decided the best thing for this kind of emergency is to use a standard like MELANCHOLY. Because he says a tune like this Eddie Miller is bound to know and it does not waste the time.

By the time I get there I figure they are going to be good and started all ready but I am wrong. I look in and there is the band. They are all wearing them headbags Legs had made up for every body (Thelmas mother made them) In the corner is Fatso and Legs and Skin (with headbags) and Eddie Miller (sore). This reminds me so I put on my headbag from my pocket and I go on in.

Big beef is going on. This Eddie Miller turns out to be brave and dumb which comes from being young. He is saying he is not going to record no number and what is this any how. Legs is talking, you must think we are some bunch of rover boys here boy but your making your self a hot mistake because you are going to record two sides if we got to stay in til cows give beer. At this point he takes off his benny and when this Miller kid saw the two holsters and the two what was in them he got white and it was like he never saw any thing like that before and he says, lets go. But he says it in like a whisper. Bloomer hands him the lyric sheet and they try out the key. Miller listens and than makes with his hand: down. So they do it lower and the guys in the booth get set (also headbags) and the red light hits. We are all sitting there watching. I have to admit them two holsters on Legs making me even a little jumpy my self. They looked so dis-agreeable

The band plays the intro and sounds good only Eddie Miller is looking at us four sitting there and

he tries to sing only nothing comes (of his mouth) only a little squeak now and than and so after a while they stop. They try again but he cant get nothing out the more he tries. So they bring coffee and that dont help and than a guy in the band has got a bottle and even that dont loosen the kid up. He is scared and his pipes are froze and he is "sweating." Finely, we got Legs put his benny back and this helps but it is some thing like around four in the morning by the time he cuts a side and than they do the backup which is by the name of EVERY DAY IS SUNDAY. The end of it we put a headbag (no eye holes) on him and ours off and we go with him back in the truck down town. On the way Fatso tells Miller it is ok and no further trouble unless he or his outfit makes it so shut up and forget it and that is that. Miller says, just leave me alone and Ill leave you. Fatso says, that is ok. In Central park near to the Columbus circle we leave him out and that is the end of that night. What a night.

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IT DOESNT take long and this record is going great. They are asking from all over the country. The surprise is that nothing is heard neither from Wheeler neither from Jimmy Ace. Legs is for doing a second "snatch" but Skin says we should not press our luck. Now we set up a routine of some body always an eye on Nan in case of a tit for tat. Then it starts.

She wants to see us so we go. She is in her place in the Waldorf and she says to us, that is a terrible thing you done and I dont like it. Fatso says, you mean crewcut dont. She says, never mind him. I think it is not honest and I am a shamed. Legs says, just dont get out of line honey. Well there is a lot of back and forth and it winds up her crying. She says, I am un happy and sick of the hole thing and I am going back to Tennessee. We say, you are going no place. She says, you know two can play that game as well as one can play that game. We dont know what is she gassing about but we soon find out. What happened was:

It was decided Nan make a duet record with Tony Barton. Fatso dug down deep and gets one of the Big Boys to fix up a two song. It was great, named ONE AND ONE IS ONE. So this day in the session she does the number with Tony Barton. Enjoyable. Than Barton blows and she is suppose to cut a couple more sides. One is some thing going over big in the Waldorf. ITS ALWAYS MY FIRST KISS WITH YOU, NO MATTER HOW MANY WE DO — that one. Naturally the thing was to get a platter on it. Nan balks. We say, why. She says, I dont want to because it is silly. We say, how come you do it every night in the Waldorf. and how it goes over big. She says, I dont care it is silly and I dont want to cut it. Right here we should of been wise that

some thing was funny but Fatso decides leave her alone for now.

That night I am in the Waldorf because it is my night to keep my eyes on her and Skin is with me to keep company. Wheeler comes on over and talks to us. Nicely. He says, you mind if I join you I am alone this evening. Skin says, help your self. When it gets time for her to show, I notice they got a new mike. I remember I notice it but thats all. She comes on and does the opener. We are talking her over while she is singing. Wheeler is telling us how great she is and why. Than she is ready to go in to the second. She hits a couple cords and she waits. She waits and waits and we dont know what is she waiting for. She just keeps looking around like as if she is waiting for them all to quiet down. And once and a while she hits a cord. Finely, still. And she goes in to it. With the band which I never heard her do before, but I dont pay any attention because it sounds allright. And she does it. ITS ALWAYS MY FIRST KISS WITH YOU, NO MATTER HOW MANY WE DO. She does it better this night then I ever heard and boy when she is through they are tearing the place a part. An other thing I should of noticed at the time, well I did notice but not enough. It was while she was singing this one, Wheeler kept on looking at his watch. That was all.

About one week after, Legs and me we are in a place up town trying to line up some new territory and talking to this owner of like an ice cream parlor where they got a drop in every booth which makes it worthwhile. We are talking to show him our point of view. No muscle, because by now we are well thought of what with the Eddie Miller MELANCHOLY, and Nan, and also one that is going great is I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE YOU. No body mentions so long as it is going so good including Legs, so we never find out if he is wise that Sally Dee (the way it says on the label) is really him. But whosoever she is her record is riding so no body talks. Well we are sitting there talking with the owner when all of a sudden we hear coming out of his Machine Nan singing and no doubt you know what she is singing. ITS ALWAYS MY FIRST KISS WITH YOU, NO MATTER HOW MANY WE DO — that one. Legs and me look to one other and take off.

Fatso is not in the office. The girl says he went to Nan. We go. Skin is there too because it is his day to keep his eyes on her. Fatso and Skin are just sitting. She is not up yet. We start in to tell them what we heard up town and Fatso hollers, tell me some thing I dont know. So we knew he knew. Skin didnt know so we took him in the hall and we told him. By the time we come back in Nan was up and she is sitting in her bath robe having breakfast. A big eater, by the way. And they said along this line:

FATSO: You done a bad thing sugar and I think you ought to be a shame.

NAN: I am not.

FATSO: Some day you will find out who are youre friends.

NAN: I hope so all right.

FATSO: I am surprise you go ahead and do what ever that clown tells you. who got you where you are?

NAN: He is no clown that is one sure thing.

FATSO: I am older then you.

NAN: And he didnt tell me it was my own idea.

FATSO: It was youre idea to cross us up like that?

LEGS: Plain high way robbery.

NAN: I was only trying to make up to him what you did with Eddie Miller. only fair.

I say: We didnt have nothing to do with that.

NAN: I dont believe it.

I say: Are you calling me a liar.

NAN: Yes I am.

(I dont answer her. What can I say)

FATSO: I dont want you to never do a thing like this again.

NAN: If every body will cool down I have an idea I would like to say.

We all got coffee and she tells the idea. It is that we should get together with Wheeler in a combine. Naturally this means with Jimmy Ace too. You could imagine how hot this went over. Fatso called her, daffy. She said she was not and that she could not stand it no more all this fighting and arguments and so forths. And she made up her mind either no more fighting and arguments and so forths, if not she was going to dis-appear and never sing till for ever. Fatso says he will think it over. The whole thing over. We go. For once no body had one idea what to.

The next few weeks it was like a mad house. The reports are coming in and the one two three leaders are our Eddie Miller, Wheelers Nan, and the Sally Dee record. One two three either way they are going like a photo finish week after week.

One night Nan says we are all invited to a party. We all go. Some party. It turns out to be Wheelers flat in a pent house. No body is there only him and us. He says Nan has been talking to him about the combine and he has talked it over with Jimmy Ace and Jimmy Ace says it is ok with him. Because all over the country it is turning out that different slot characters are moving in to this racket and Jimmy Ace figures that with our bunch and theres we can give any body going a Mexican stand off. And naturally, Wheeler says, there is no use kidding you you fellows have got the two hottest things going with Nan here and Sally Dee. how come you dont make a few more with her by the way. Legs speaks up and he says, be cause she is dead and berry thats why not. Wheeler says, he is shocked he didnt hear about it. This is the minute Fatso picks to laugh. If he didnt of laughed that minute may be the whole thing could of turned out

different from the way I am going to tell in a minute it turned out. But when he laughed, Legs left. Mad.

The next huddle Legs tells he is sold out. Fatso says, who to. He says, I dont know. some lawyer. so goodbye and goodluck. any body thinks I am ready to be a patsy they can think some more. it is getting embarrassing and also he says, the way things are beginning to go, I dont think this is so legitimate no more and Thelma dont like it so I am quitting while I am winning. So he left. We talked it over and said may be it is just as well. Fatso says, Legs is getting a little old for the hustle. he will do better on his chicken farm. I say, listen with the bundle he goes back with I wouldnt be surprised he changes over to turkeys. Skin is looking out through the window and he says (sad) things are not the same as they use to. may be times are changed or else we. but there is a big differents in the whole racket game. Fatso didnt say nothing. I neither.

A few days after comes a telegram from Skin he is in Miami. He has powdered. He tells he is sold out and dont ask him why but that is that. (What happened was he made an other pitch to Nan and she cooled him off so he got mad and when he tried to give her this diamond watch (hot) she would not take it and there was a big tangle)

Nan cuts two more about now and both are the ones that really go over several tops. The first was that one, *HOLDING HANDS*. And the other one *I CANT GO TO SLEEP ALONE*. (I was against this one on account of sounding dirty but the way she done it it was not) So we are going great and the cuts from the records and radio and every thing we are right in there.

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THE next thing a jam. We notice we havent put a Machine in two weeks in fact we are getting muscled out of spot after spot. Fatso is desperate and tells me I got to round up some strong boys from Boston or even Canada where he knows some very nice hoods. This time it was like the olden days again only this time I personally did not like it my self. It looked like it was going to start to be noisy. My nerves.

One night we lay for Wheeler coming out of his place of business and on the side walk Fatso tells him if he is looking for trouble there is a lot of it around. Wheeler plays not guilty and we tell him about the muscle. Wheeler claims he dont know a thing about it (turned out later he was leveling, it wasnt him and Jimmy Ace was giving us the muscle it was a new mob but this we did not know at that time)

The boys from Boston come and the first night they done a good days work. They went here and there and bust it up about fifteen Wheeler Machines for fair.

We expect a come back but there is nothing. If

it wouldnt of been for me taking on The Information Booth one night (Kay) we wouldnt of ever knew why. But it turns out she tells me, you know who it was bought out Legs and Skin? Wheeler. I walk out on her right in the middle of every thing and look up Fatso and I give him the know. He laughs like I never seen him laugh. He says, that is really some thing. we have got this clown by the shorthairs. we can bust him up but if he busts up he is busting up half of his own self. He keeps on laughing. The friends from Boston keep on hammering.

A few days later Fatso stops laughing because it turns out all over town our Machines are jammed. Not bust but jammed with some kind of slugs. The repair men cant keep up with it and we are going bats.

In the Variety there is a head line on the front it says: *JUKE BOX WAR!!* And it says about the smashing and the jamming and mentions names and says this new Deputy is going to put a stop by putting a man to trail every body they know is in the box business. (The way he thought of this he used to be a basketball player for the N.Y.U. so he thought of this) So from now on there is a guy tailing me and one Fatso and Wheeler and Jimmy Ace and every body. Lucky they didnt know the Bostons but for us it made it hard to keep in touch with the Bostons. It was murder.

On the top of this, goodbye, Nan. She checks out and it is any bodys guess where is she. I say to Fatso how about throwing out the sponge. He says, you chicken on me now, Ill kick your lung out. At that time I didnt feel like getting my lung kicked out so I didnt chicken. He says, we got to locate her. We have promised her for a big Benefit Tv and if she dont show it will look bad, or even worse. And if we tell she has goofed, it will be also.

We start in by getting a hold of her maid who claims she knows from nothing. Fatso puts down a c note and we keep on talking. The maid is looking at the c but she is still dummied up. He puts down an other c and the maid looks at the two and she is getting weaker by the minute. Who wouldnt. She says, well I know she is not in New York City. Fatso puts down an other c and the maid says, she is in New Jersey some place. Where, he says. She says, I dont know. He puts down an other one. She says, Atlantic City. An other one. She says, the Traymore. One more c note on the pile and the maid says, room eleven oh eight. and nine. Ok, Fatso says, beat it. She picks up the pile and beats it. I say to him, it is like buying tips by the yard.

Now all we got to is get to Atlantic City but we got these two glues on us. Fatso figures out this dodge where we dress us up with overalls and we go down and help carry out garbage in the back and take off in the truck. It was not too enjoyable.

The next we are on the way to Atlantic City. What I am doing with four rods on me I couldnt

explain even now. Just one of those cock eye things you get in to when the going is nervous. Fatso is rodged up too but not four.

We dont talk much on the way. I am dozing along when he wakes me up. He says, if I ever run in to Wheeler again I am going to paste him and if Jimmy Ace I may plug him. I say, why all of a sudden. He says, it is bad enough to get out smarted but I dont like to get by some punk like that. I say, why out smarted. He says, because. we been smashing his Machines. so what. he is insured. but he jams ours so there is no take on them and no insurance neither. I say, you are right. I never thought of it that way. He says, that is youre trouble you dont think. This gets me a little huffed. (And on top it waking me up to in sult me) I say, well may be not but I thought enough to think you right into this touch. He says, right now your in no spot to take no bows for this. I would of answered back and who knows what would have developed, except all a sudden we hear a noise we seem to of heard before and we look up and there is that goddam gazoo band and they are in the train with us. How they tailed us when the coppers didnt dont ask me. So we start through the cars with them after us and it was some trouble to get rid.

Atlantic City we ate, than went in a place and sat to drink. Because he says no use going in in case of she is not there for sure. It could be she went like to eat or a movie. Also it is better if we get her by surprise.

Around one the morning we go over and take a double room in the Traymore. Than we wait a few, than down the stairs til the eleven floor. We go to eleven 08. And nine. He rings the button. We wait. Next thing a light under the door. Fatso changes voice and says, telegram. The door opens up and our clocks damn near stop than and there because who is standing there but WHEELER. And he is got on pajamas and like a half of a bathrobe. He looks at us and he starts in to close the door but by now we are in action and we fly in. To make sure of no trouble, Fatso unloads his rod. We are all standing there the three and in comes Nan from the other room. She looks like sleepy with mussy hair and a nightgown with a long you can see through it practically robe and it is no use but I cant tell you Fatsos face. He says, well this is great, he says to Nan, you piping off about right and wrong a mile a minute and it turns out you may be dont know the differents your self so great. She tries to talk but he dont let her. Than he moves over to Wheeler, still with his rod showing and he says, I guess you heard of the Man Act I hope. you are going to have a tough rap to beat boy. a Federal whats more. He turns to me (Fatso) and he says, call a cop. I didnt think I heard my ears right. I say, me? call a cop? He says, and make it fast.

Nan says, never mind I will do it. She picks up the phone and Fatso says, get away from there and he goes for her and pushes her away. Where upon Wheeler dives and knocks him over teakettle. The rod goes off and I move in but this is where I stop remembering because Wheeler comes up from no where and I get hurt.

When I come too, no Fatso. He is gone some place. I am on the sofa and the place looks to be crawling with cops. Nan is giving me a drink and pretty soon I find out. Wheeler is not going to no pen like Fatso said he is going for the Man Act. Not unless they got some state where it turns out it is against the law to with youre own wife. Because it turns out they are married, the two kids. To each other. They done it about several weeks ago with out telling no body.

But Fatso is gone and I am with four rods on me. Wheeler and Nan, I have to say they act good, but it is no go. No body listens to no body. The judge dont listen to them when they try theyre best for me. And he dont listen to me, the judge. So I get even and I dont listen to him. He is so stubborn he cant get it out of his nog how I happened to have on me four rods. The lawyer tells him how two are props and one is not loaded and all that but he is a stubborn, this judge, and he hands me this six to ten. (Months)

This is how I wasnt around for the big Benefit Tv. But seen it on the set here in the sneezer. Nan together with Patti Lake and Diana Steal they done a great trio. While I am looking it, I think probably no doubt Legs is, also, on his chicken farm. Skin, in Miami, too. Fatso is looking I bet in Jersey. And me where I was. It was good just the same. In fact, better.

Well so that is about it more or less of how it happened here I am again for godsake. I see where I left a lot out but this is the rough idea. Like I said, I put this down on account the chaplin telling me. He said it would help me to see where I made my mistake. Come to find out I dont know. After all this work. Looking over the whole thing I dont see what I could of done different from I done. Like when I say I should not of thought of Fatso. Why not? He is the best. And the idea its self. I couldnt help to think of that. What am I suppose to. Not think? No ideas?

No doubt when I get out I will think up some thing else. I will half to. All I hope is it doesnt land me back again that is all I hope. Because that could make it four and I could get the Big Deal. May be I will be all right if I think of ideas but not think of Fatso. He is ok though. A right guy. One of the finest and most smart characters I ever in my whole life met. A lovely man besides and prince all the way. The best friend Ive ever had. And I hope I never see him again for ever as long as I live that is all I hope.

This is the ending of it.



In his new book, The Public Philosophy, which has just been published, WALTER LIPPMANN has analyzed the reasons for the drastic impairment of the power to govern which has imperiled the western democracies during the past four decades. He shows that this deterioration began before 1914, that Lord Bryce saw the warning signs in 1920; and he shows how deep-seated the disorder has become since 1938. The great question to which he addresses himself is whether this decline can be checked and to what extent Democracy can renew its strength. This is the second of three excerpts we shall draw from Mr. Lippmann's book.

THE ADVERSARIES OF LIBERAL DEMOCRACY

by WALTER LIPPMANN

I

WE ARE living in a time of massive popular counterrevolution against liberal democracy. It is a reaction to the failure of the West to cope with the miseries and anxieties of the twentieth century. The liberal democracies have been tried and found wanting — found wanting not only in governing successfully in this period of wars and upheavals, but also in defending and maintaining the political philosophy that underlies the liberal way of life.

If we go back to the beginnings of the modern democratic movements in the eighteenth century, we can distinguish two diverging lines of development. The one is a way of progress in liberal constitutional democracy. The other is a morbid course of development into totalitarian conditions.

One of the first to realize what was happening was Alexis de Tocqueville. He foresaw that the “democratic nations are menaced” by a “species of oppression . . . unlike anything that ever before existed in the world.” But what is more, he discerned the original difference between the healthy and the morbid development of democracy.

In 1833, after his voyage to America, where he had foreseen the threat of mass democracy, de Tocqueville visited England. There he was impressed with the contrast between the attitude of the English aristocracy, which was just accommodating itself to a newly enfranchised mass of voters, and the French *noblesse* of the *ancien régime*.

He went on to reflect that “from an early time a fundamental difference existed between the behavior of the governing classes in England and in France. The nobility, the cornerstone of medieval society, revealed in England a peculiar ability to merge and mix with other social groups, while in France it tended, on the contrary, to close its ranks and preserve its original purity of birth.

“In the earlier Middle Ages all Western Europe had a similar social system. But some time in the Middle Ages, one cannot say exactly when, a change pregnant with tremendous consequences occurred in the British Isles and in the British Isles only — the English nobility developed into an open aristocracy while the continental *noblesse* stubbornly remained within the rigid limits of a caste.”

This, observes de Tocqueville, is the most revolutionary fact in English history, and he claims to have been the first to observe its importance and to grasp its full significance. It is, truly, a deep and illuminating observation on the conditions which are favorable to a healthy and progressive evolution of democracy and on the conditions which make it morbid and degenerative. The crucial difference is between what we might call enfranchisement by assimilation into the governing class, as exemplified in England, and, per contra, enfranchisement by the overthrow and displacing of the governing class, as exemplified in France. In the one, the government remains but becomes more responsible and more responsive; in the other, the government is overthrown with the liquidation of the governing class.

Although the two ways of evolution appear to have the same object — a society with free institutions under popular government — they are radically different and arrive at radically different ends.

The first way, that of assimilation, presumes the existence of a state which is already constitutional in principle — which is under laws that are no longer arbitrary, though they may be unjust and unequal. In this constitutional state more and more people are admitted to the governing class and to the voting electorate. The unequal and the unjust laws are revised until eventually all the people have equal opportunities to enter the government and to be

represented. Broadly speaking, this has been the working theory of the British movement towards a democratic society at home and also in the Commonwealth and Empire. This, too, was the working theory of the principal authors of the American Constitution, and this was how — though few of them welcomed it — they envisaged the enfranchisement of the whole adult population.

The other way is that of the Jacobin revolution. The people rise to power by overthrowing the ruling class and by liquidating its privileges and prerogatives. This is the doctrine of democratic revolution which was developed by French thinkers in the eighteenth century and was put into practice by the Jacobin party in the French Revolution. In its English incarnation the doctrine became known as Radicalism. In America, though it had its early disciples, notably Tom Paine, not until the era of the Founding Fathers was over, not until the era of Andrew Jackson, did the Jacobin doctrine become the popular political creed of the American democracy.

The Jacobin philosophy rests on a view of human society which the Encyclopedist Holbach stated in this way: "We see on the face of the globe only incapable, unjust sovereigns, enervated by luxury, corrupted by flattery, depraved through unpunished license, and without talent, morals, or good qualities." What Holbach had, in fact, seen on the face of the globe was the French court, then the most powerful in Europe and the paragon of all the lesser courts. When he was writing, it would have been difficult for anyone on the continent of Europe to imagine a king and a ruling class who were not, like those he saw living at the court of Versailles, exclusive and incompetent, corrupt, unteachable and unconcerned.

"'Would you know the story in brief, of almost all our wretchedness?' asked Diderot. 'Here it is. There existed the natural man, and into this man was introduced an artificial man, whereupon a civil war arose within him lasting through life. . . . If you propose to become a tyrant over him . . . do your best to poison him with a theory of morals against nature; impose every kind of fetter on him; embarrass his movements with a thousand obstacles; place phantoms around him to frighten him. Would you see him happy and free? Do not meddle with his affairs. . . . I appeal to every civil, religious and political institution; . . . if I am not mistaken you will find the human species, century after century, subject to a yoke which a mere handful of knaves chose to impose on it. . . . Be wary of him who seeks to establish order; to order is to obtain the mastery of others by giving them trouble.'"

If we compare the mood of this passage with that of the Declaration of Independence, the work of the other brand of revolutionists, we must be struck by the nihilism of Diderot. Diderot had been ex-

asperated to a blind destructive despair by the rigidity of the French governing caste. He could not feel that there was anything to be done with any government, judging by the one he suffered under, except to abolish it.

Jefferson and his colleagues, on the other hand, were interested in government. They were in rebellion because they were being denied the rights of representation and of participation which they, like other subjects of the same king, would have enjoyed had they lived in England. The Americans were in rebellion against the "usurpations" of George III, not against authority as such but against the abuse of authority. The American revolutionists had in fact participated in the colonial governments. Far from wishing to overthrow the authority of government, or to deny and subvert, as Diderot did, the moral foundations of authority, they went into rebellion first in order to gain admittance into, and then to take possession of, the organs of government.

When they declared that "a prince [George III] whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people," they were not saying that there was no one who was fit to be the ruler of a free people. They were imbued with the English idea that the governing class must learn to share its special prerogatives by admitting new members. The American revolutionists were themselves the new members who had been unjustly, in fact illegally, excluded from the government of the colonies. They themselves meant to govern the colonies after they had overthrown the government of the king. They were not nihilists to whom the revolutionary act of overthrowing the sovereign is the climax and consummation of everything.

2

OF THE two rival philosophies, the Jacobin is almost everywhere in the ascendant. It is a ready-made philosophy for men who, previously excluded from the ruling class and recently enfranchised, have no part in the business of governing the state and no personal expectation of being called upon to assume the responsibilities of office. The Jacobin doctrine is an obvious reaction, as de Tocqueville's observation explains, to government by a caste. When there is no opening for the gradualness of reform and for enfranchisement by assimilation, a revolutionary collision is most likely.

The Jacobin doctrine is addressed to the revolutionary collision between the inviolable governing caste and the excluded men claiming the redress of their grievances and their place in the sun. Though it professes to be a political philosophy, the doctrine is not, in fact, a philosophy of government. It is a gospel and also a strategy for revolution. It announces the promise that the crusade which is to

overthrow the ruling caste will by the act of revolution create a good society.

The peculiar essence of the dogma is that the revolution itself is the creative act. Towards the revolution as such, because it is the culmination and the climax, all the labor and the sacrifice of the struggle are to be directed. The revolutionary act will remove the causes of evil in human society. Again and again it has been proved how effective is this formula for arousing, sustaining, and organizing men's energies for revolution: to declare that evil in society has been imposed upon the many by the few — by priests, nobles, capitalists, imperialists, liberals, aliens — and that evil will disappear when the many who are pure have removed these few who are evil.

The summons to revolution in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 uses the same formula as the Jacobins had used a half century earlier. Marx and Engels were men steeped in the western revolutionary tradition, and habituated, therefore, to the notion that the act of revolution removes the source of evil and creates the perfect society. The French Revolution had not made this perfect society. For by 1848 there were the capitalist oppressors. Marx and Engels called for the next revolutionary act, announcing that now the third estate, the bourgeois capitalists, needed to go the way of the liquidated nobles and clergy.

This is the formula: that when the revolution of the masses is victorious over the few, there will exist the classless society without coercion and violence and with freedom for all. This formula reappears whenever conditions are revolutionary — that is to say, when necessary reforms are being refused. The formula is a strategy of rebellion of those who are unable to obtain the redress of grievances. The rulers are to be attacked. So they are isolated. They are few. So they are not invincible. They bear the total guilt of all the sufferings and grievances of men. To remove them is, then, to cure all evil. Therefore, their overthrow, which is feasible, will be worth every sacrifice. Since the world will be good when the evil few have been overthrown, there is no need for the doubts and the disputes which would arise among the revolutionists if they had to make serious practical decisions on the problems of the post-revolutionary world.

To appreciate the compelling influence of these ideas, we must realize that Rousseau and his Jacobin disciples were not saying that "except for the clergy and the nobility" all the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century were rational and good men. That may have been what the most simple-minded got from the Jacobin orations. But the doctrine could never have become, as in fact it has, the political religion of the democracies had it stood for anything so obviously contrary to common sense and ordinary experience.

Rousseau's dogma of the natural goodness of man did not move him to much love or admiration of his fellow men. In his *Inequalities Among Mankind*, he described the inside of a civilized man in terms which John Adams, for all his tough-mindedness, found "too black and horrible to be transcribed."

To Rousseau, as to John Calvin who lived in Geneva before him, men were fallen and depraved, deformed with their lusts and their aggressions. The force of the new doctrine lay in its being a gospel of redemption and regeneration. Men who were evil were to be made good. Jacobinism is in fact a Christian heresy, perhaps the most influential since the Arian.

In that it preached the need of redemption, its reception was prepared by the Christian education of the people of Western Europe and of North America. Like St. Paul, the Jacobins promised a new creature who would be "led of the spirit" and would not be "under the law." But in the Jacobin gospel, this transformation was to be achieved by the revolutionary act of emancipation from authority. The religious end was to be reached, but without undergoing the religious experience. There was to be no dark night of the soul for each person in the labor of his own regeneration. Instead there were to be riots and strikes and votes and seizure of political power. Instead of the inner struggle of the individual soul, there was to be one great public, massive, collective redemption.

3

WE LIVE long enough after the new gospel was proclaimed to have seen what came of it. The post-revolutionary man, enfranchised and emancipated, has not turned out to be the New Man. He is the old Adam. Yet the future of democratic society has been staked on the promises and the predictions of the Jacobin gospel.

For the Jacobin doctrine has pervaded the theory of mass education in the newly enfranchised mass democracies. In America and in most of the newer liberal democracies of the western world, the Jacobin heresy is, though not unchallenged and not universal, the popular and dominant theory in the schools.

Its popularity is easily accounted for. It promises to solve the problem which is otherwise so nearly insoluble — how to educate rapidly and sufficiently the ever-expanding masses who are losing contact with the traditions of western society. The explosive increase of the population in the past hundred and fifty years; its recent enfranchisement during the past fifty years; the dissolution, or at least the radical weakening, of the bonds of the family, of the churches, and of the local community, have combined to make the demand upon the schools almost impossibly big.

Not only do the schools have to teach the arts

and sciences to a multiplying mass of pupils. They have also to act in the place of the family, the household economy, the church, and the settled community, and to be the bearers of the traditions and the disciplines of a civilized life. What the school system could do has never been anywhere nearly equal to the demands upon it. The modern democracies have never been willing to pay the price of recruiting and training enough teachers, of supporting enough schools and colleges, of offering enough scholarships to give all children equal opportunities.

The Jacobin doctrine does not solve this problem of mass education — as it does not solve or even throw light upon the problem of how to construct and govern the utopian society which is to exist when the revolution has taken place. What it does is to provide an escape from these unsolved problems. It affirms that in politics the state will wither away and then there will be no problems of how to govern it. For the democratic schools it affirms that there is no problem of supplying the demand: for almost nothing has to be taught in school and almost no effort is needed to learn it.

"The fundamental principle of all morality," said Rousseau in his reply to Archbishop de Beaumont's condemnation of his book, *Émile*, "is that man is a being naturally good, loving justice and order: that there is not any original perversity in the human heart, and that the first movements of nature are always right."

And so, when Rousseau's disciple, Pestalozzi, the celebrated educator, said that "in the new-born child are hidden those faculties which are to unfold during life," he meant that the hidden faculties which would unfold were all of them good ones. Only good faculties, it transpired, were inherited. The evil faculties, on the contrary, were acquired. So Froebel, who was Pestalozzi's disciple, felt able to say that "the still young being, even though as yet unconsciously like a product of nature, precisely and surely wills that which is best for himself."

Froebel, of course, had no way of proving that infants are precise and sure about anything. Nor did Rousseau know how to prove that there is no perversity in the human heart, and that the first movements of nature are always right. But if only all this could be taken as true, how miraculously it simplified the problems of the new democracies! If men do not have to acquire painfully by learning, if they are born with the necessary good faculties, if their first intentions are always right, if they unconsciously but precisely and surely will what is best for themselves from infancy on, then there is in the very nature of things a guarantee that popular government must succeed.

The best government will be the one which governs the least and requires, therefore, the least training and experience in the art of governing. The best education for democracy will be the one which

trains, disciplines, and teaches the least. For the necessary faculties are inborn and they are more likely to be perverted by too much culture than to wither for the lack of it. There is, moreover, no body of public knowledge and no public philosophy that the schools are called upon to transmit. The curriculum can be emptied of all the studies and the disciplines which relate to faith and to morals. And so while education can do something to enable the individual to make a success of his own career, the instinctive rightness and righteousness of the people can be relied upon for everything else.

This is a convenient and agreeably plausible escape from reality. Pestalozzi described it by saying that "Sound Education stands before me symbolized by a tree planted near fertilizing water. A little seed, which contains the design of the tree, its form and proportion, is placed in the soil. See how it germinates and expands into trunk, branches, leaves, flowers and fruit! The whole tree is an uninterrupted chain of organic parts, the plan of which existed in its seed and root. Man is similar to the tree. In the new-born child are hidden those faculties which are to unfold during life."

The metaphor reveals very neatly how the Jacobin theory inhibits education. In no way that is relevant to the problems of politics and education is a man similar, as Pestalozzi says he is, to a tree which is planted near fertilizing water. For the tree will never, no matter how fertilizing the water near which it is planted, grow up and take to writing treatises, as Pestalozzi did, on the education of trees. The educator of a tree is, in short, not another tree.

Pestalozzi's trees are, in fact, a caricature, but a telling one, of the educational vacuum created by the Jacobin theory. The tradition of the trees is transmitted in their seed, and the older trees are unable to teach and the saplings are unable to learn. Each tree exists for itself, drawing what it can from the fertilizing waters if they happen to be there. Now if human education is founded upon this notion, it must fail to transmit the moral system, indeed the psychic structure, of a civilized society. Relying upon the inherent rightness of the natural impulses of man's first nature, the Jacobin theory does away with the second civilized nature, with the ruler of the impulses, who, as in the Socratic example, is identified with the grand necessities of the commonwealth. It overthrows the ruler within each man — he who exercises "the royal and politic rule" over his "irascible and concupiscible powers."

When reason no longer represents society within the human psyche, then it becomes the instrument of appetite, desire, and passion. As William Godwin said, "Reason is wholly confined to adjusting the comparison between the different objects of desire and investigating the most successful mode of attaining those objects." More than a hundred

years later Professor William MacDougall put it this way: "The instinctive impulses determine the end of all activities, and . . . all the complex intellectual apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but . . . the instrument by which those impulses seek their satisfactions." Or, as Bernard Shaw has it, "Ability to reason accurately is as desirable as ever, since it is only by accurate reasoning that we can calculate our actions so as to do what we intend to do — that is, to fulfill our will."

If it is the role of reason merely to be an instrument of each man's career, then the mission of the schools is to turn out efficient careerists. They must teach the know-how of success, and this — seasoned with the social amenities and some civic and patriotic exhortation — is the subject matter of education. The student elects those subjects which will presumably equip him for success in his career. The rest are superfluous. There is no such thing as a general order of knowledge and a public philosophy which he needs to possess.

4

TOWARDS the middle of the nineteenth century, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels produced an explanation of why the first revolution had not fulfilled the promises of the Jacobins. It was that "modern bourgeois society, rising out of the ruins of feudal society, did not make an end of class antagonisms. It merely set up new classes in place of the old."

As Marx and Engels were scholars and men of the world, they should not have been surprised to find that "the history of all human society past and present has been the history of class struggles"; and had they not become possessed by the Jacobin dogma, they would have thought it most probable that there would be class struggles in the future. But in the Jacobin philosophy the world as it is must be transformed; the day is soon to come when history, reaching its culmination, will end and there will be no more struggle. So Marx and Engels decided that one more, though this time the conclusive and the final, revolution was called for in order to achieve the classless society.

The revolution which is behind us has failed. But the revolution which is still to come will put "in place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms . . . an association, in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all."

By the beginning of the twentieth century it was becoming more and more apparent that Marxism was going to undergo the same disappointment as did the Jacobin movement. Since Marx and Engels wrote the *Communist Manifesto* a very considerable progress had been made in carrying out its specific planks. What the document had asked in 1848 of "the most advanced nations,"

the states themselves had gone a long way toward doing. They were taxing inheritances; they had virtually nationalized central banking, transportation, and communications; they were extending the industries owned by the state; they were abolishing child labor and providing free education in public schools.

Yet these reforms were not leading to the classless society. Instead of one class or no class, it was more probable that modern societies were heading towards a diversity of classes. Nor, as Engels had promised in his *Anti-Dühring*, did it appear that "the state . . . withers away." As a matter of fact the progressive reforms were requiring a rapid enlargement of the powers of the state and an expansion of the bureaucracy. The Marxian predictions were not being fulfilled. The rich were not becoming richer while the poor became poorer. The middle class was not disappearing. It was growing larger. Society was not splitting into the two great hostile camps of the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. If it was splitting, it was into factions and into pressure groups.

Owing to the wide disparity between the dogma and the existential reality of things, a crisis developed within the revolutionary socialist movement. This crisis was resolved by Lenin. He could not do again what Marx had done a half century earlier. He could not once more identify the next class, and this time the positively last class, that had to be overthrown. He could not point to the last barricade that had to be stormed. It was then that Lenin resolved the crisis within the crisis within the revolutionary movement by committing it to the totalitarian solution. Abandoning the naïve and attractive promise that utopia would follow simply and automatically from the revolutionary act, he replaced it with the terrible doctrine that utopia must be brought about by an indefinitely prolonged process of unlimited revolution which would exterminate all opposition, actual and potential.

The totalitarian tendency has always been present and logically implied in the modern revolutionary movement. Yet Isaiah Berlin is no doubt right in saying that while Lenin's solution of the crisis within the revolutionary movement "marked the culmination of a process," this was "an event . . . which altered the history of our world."

In 1903, at the conference of the Russian Social Democratic Party, which began in Brussels and ended in London, Lenin was asked by a delegate named Posadovsky "whether the emphasis laid by the 'hard' Socialists . . . upon the need for the exercise of absolute authority by the revolutionary nucleus of the Party might not prove incompatible with those fundamental liberties to whose realization Socialism, no less than liberalism, was officially dedicated." Posadovsky asked whether the basic, minimum civil liberties — "the sacrosanctity of the

person" — could be infringed and even violated if the party leader so decided.

The answer was given by Plekhanov, one of the founders of Russian Marxism and, says Mr. Berlin, "its most venerated figure, a cultivated, fastidious and morally sensitive scholar of wide outlook," who had for twenty years lived in Western Europe and was much respected by the leaders of western Socialism. Plekhanov was the very symbol of civilized "scientific" thinking among Russian revolutionaries. Plekhanov, speaking solemnly, and with a splendid disregard for grammar, pronounced the words, *salus revolutionis suprema lex*. Certainly, if the revolution demanded it, everything — democracy, liberty, the rights of the individual — must be sacrificed to it. If the democratic assembly elected by the Russian people after the revolution proved amenable to Marxist tactics, it would be kept in being as a Long Parliament; if not, it would be disbanded as quickly as possible. A Marxist revolution could not be carried through by men obsessed by scrupulous regard for the principles of bourgeois liberals. Doubtless whatever was valuable in these principles, like everything else good and desirable, would ultimately be realized by the victorious working class; but during the revolutionary period preoccupation with such ideals was evidence of a lack of seriousness. Mr. Berlin goes on to say that "Plekhanov, who was brought up in a human and liberal tradition, did, of course, later retreat from this position himself. The mixture of utopian faith and brutal disregard for civilized morality proved too repulsive to a man who had spent the greater part of his civilized and productive life among Western workers and their leaders. Like the vast majority of Social Democrats, like Marx and Engels themselves, he was too European to try to realize a policy which, in the words of Shigalev in Dostoevski's *The Possessed*, 'starting from unlimited liberty ends in unlimited despotism.' But Lenin accepted the premises, and being logically driven to conclusions repulsive to most of his colleagues, accepted them easily and without apparent qualms. His assumptions were, perhaps, in a sense, still those of the optimistic rationalists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: the coercion, violence, execution, the total suppression of individual differences, the rule of a small, virtually self-appointed minority, were necessary only in the interim period, only so long as there was a powerful enemy to be destroyed."

But how was it that Lenin — and so many after him — accepted easily and without apparent qualms the repulsive process of violence, executions, suppressions, deception, under the unlimited rule of self-appointed oligarchs? Why do the full-fledged totalitarians — Lenin, Hitler, Stalin — not shrink from the means they adopt to achieve their end? The answer is that the inhuman means are justified by the superhuman end: they are the agents of

history or of nature. They are the men appointed to fulfill the destiny of creation. They have been known as atheists. But in fact God was their enemy, not because they did not believe in the Deity, but because they themselves were assuming His functions and claiming His prerogatives.

This is the root of the matter, and it is here that the ultimate issue lies. Can men, acting like gods, be appointed to establish heaven on earth? If we believe that they can be, then the rest follows. To fulfill their mission they must assume a god-like omnipotence. They must be jealous gods, monopolizing power, destroying all rivals, compelling exclusive loyalty. The family, the churches, the schools, the corporations, the labor unions and coöperative societies, the voluntary associations, and all the arts and sciences must be their servants. Dissent and deviation are treason, and quietism is sacrilege.

The delusion of men that they are gods — the pretension that they have a commission to act as if they were gods — is, says Aeschylus, "the blind arrogance of childish thought." It can become "the very madness of a mind diseased." Yet it is not a new and recent infection but rather the disposition of our first natures, of our natural and uncivilized selves. Men have been barbarians much longer than they have been civilized. They are only precariously civilized, and within us there is the propensity, persistent as the force of gravity, to revert under stress and strain, under neglect or temptation, to our first natures.

Rousseau and the Jacobins, Marx and the nineteenth-century Socialists, did not introduce new impulses and passions into men. They exploited and aggravated impulses and passions that have always been there. In the traditions of civility, man's second and more rational nature must master his first and more elemental. The Jacobins and their successors made a political religion founded upon the reversal of civility. Instead of ruling the elemental impulses, they stimulated and armed them. Instead of treating the pretension to being a god as "the mortal sin original," they proclaimed it to be the glory and destiny of man. Upon this gospel they founded a popular religion of the rise of the masses of the people to power. Lenin, Hitler, and Stalin, the hard totalitarian Jacobins of the twentieth century, carried this movement and the logical implications of its gospel further and further towards the very bitter end.

And what is that bitter end? It is an everlasting war with the human condition: war with the finitude of man and with the moral ends of finite men, and therefore war against freedom, against justice, against the laws, and against the order of the good society — as they are conserved in the traditions of civility, as they are articulated in the public philosophy.



Thanks to man-made protection, the deer have multiplied in almost every state in the Union to the point where they constitute a national nuisance. What can be done about this is of concern to every conservationist, and especially to those who, like CLARK C. VAN FLEET, live in California where today the deer herds are so much larger than ever the Indians knew. Atlantic anglers will remember Mr. Van Fleet for his graphic and valuable book, Steelhead to a Fly, which was published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint last autumn.

DEER ON THE RAMPAGE

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

ALTHOUGH venison was the mainstay of our pioneers, deer were far less plentiful a century or more ago than they are today. The great virgin forests that clothed the northern states and much of the West were not natural deer country since there was little underbrush on which the animals could browse. Where they did exist, their numbers were held in check by predators — panthers, wolves, coyotes, and eagles — and the hunter. With protection the balance has altered: deer are now to be found in forty-six of the forty-eight states; and in numbers and in nuisance they have become an increasing problem.

With the progress of civilization, more and more fringe land came under cultivation; the forest gave way to the axe; the varmints were hunted mercilessly by the livestock producer. Thus the deer spread into the cutover and burned-over brushlands, where they found ample feed and excellent cover. As their enemies were decimated the herds grew astonishingly, until they now offer real competition to domestic sheep and cattle for the available forage on many ranges.

Today deer, protected and multiplying, are committing serious depredations on farmlands and gardens. Mountain vineyards are denuded of their tender foliage; fruit trees are cleaned of leaves and fruit as high as the deer can reach, and young orchards are wiped out if they are not protected by strong wire. Alfalfa and other crops are heavily browsed.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, venison was far more common fare along the borders of our civilization than beef or the flesh of any other domestic animal. Most camps and settlements depended on the hunter to supply meat for the table. All explorers, mountain men, and wagon trains relied on the country to furnish food for their campfires. Except in the remoter sections, deer became scarce, and in some areas rare. By the beginning of

the twentieth century nearly every affected state in the Union had passed game laws as well as prohibitions of the sale of game.

Now the deer are back in unsuspected force. In the Rocky Mountain states and along the Pacific Coast they are close to exhausting the carrying capacity of much of their range. In some sections the deaths from actual starvation and associated causes are four to five times the annual take by hunters.

Look for a moment at California, the second largest state in the Union. Approximately 56 million acres of its area can be classified as good deer range. The state has high diversification in climate and a luxuriance in plant growth. Its present deer population varies from well over a million to a million and a half, depending on the season and the plenitude of available forage.

California is inhabited by various races of the mule deer and the Columbian blacktail. After a two-year survey under the direction of A. Starker Leopold and William M. Longhurst of the University of California, top men in this field, a comprehensive report was published in 1952. Its purpose was to determine the number of deer in the state, their impact on the carrying capacity of the available range, and their competition with domestic stock, sheep and cattle, occupying the same area. The observers divided the state into 112 management units, organized field forces in conjunction with the State Game Commission, and sampled each unit with care. Here is a simplified breakdown of the results: —

	<i>Understocked Range</i>	<i>Stocked to Capacity</i>	<i>Overstocked Range</i>
Deer	4 per cent	39 per cent	57 per cent
Stock	2 per cent	46 per cent	52 per cent

In other words, well over half of the available range is being consistently grazed to depletion; less than

one twentieth is in reasonably flourishing condition; and on the balance, deer and stock combined are squeezing right against the feed possibilities of their environment.

A buck and a doe under optimum conditions will produce a herd of forty-two animals, exclusive of themselves, in a matter of a mere five years. Under these circumstances the doe-fawn ratio is 100:180, and the ratio of buck births to that of does is 5:4.

The best example I have seen of undeterred fecundity is on the Queen Charlotte Islands, west of the Province of British Columbia. At the time the authorities made a small plant of deer on the islands, the only animal larger than a pack rat was the black bear. My first visit to the islands was about fifteen years later. Graham Island, the largest of the chain, was literally overrun with deer. You would see them at almost any time of day in the meadows; and every nook, gully, glade, or patch of brush seemed to shelter one or more. A half-hour walk in the early morning would disclose fifty or more within a radius of a mile from the resort where we were staying. Moresby and the other islands of the chain were in much the same plight.

Today the islanders and authorities are in despair. Deer season is open the year round on both sexes with no limit. They invite, beg, plead with you to go hunting. If there is a cure, the inhabitants of the Queen Charlotte chain haven't found it yet. They are few and the deer are many — many times too many.

The situation in California is not as desperate as this, although the Mount Tamalpais Refuge in Marin County just across the bay from San Francisco is heavily overcrowded, to the serious detriment of the gardens. As I have said, the survey indicated a base population in California of 1.1 to 1.5 million deer. Since the range is overstocked, the state's herds are relatively stationary. The annual crop of new additions is estimated to be between 275,000 and 375,000. Of the total new additions, predators probably destroy 100,000. The actual kills reported by hunters were 57,000 in 1953; add to that about 18,000 for unreported take and for cripples who finally die, and you have a quota of 75,000 killed by hunters. What then becomes of the balance of between 100,000 and 200,000? It is reasonably certain that they die of either starvation or disease, or a combination of both. In an unusually cold, wet winter and spring or a heavy fall of snow the mortality can rise to from 40 to 60 per cent of the total herd. A prolonged drought can result in something like the same decimation. The survivors are weak and puny from their experience, and their get is invariably sickly and often stunted in growth.

Sportsmen must face up to this issue. Do we, for the sake of pure sentiment, wish to see our deer herds consistently on the downgrade, subject to periodic intervals of semistarvation, victims of

infectious diseases, feeding the buzzards and carrion-eating animals, all because of overcrowding and the lack of sufficient forage?

Let us compare the hunter-success in western states where the protection of buck is not so stringent (Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Washington) with Oregon and California where the buck laws are relatively strict. The average hunter-success in the first five is 53 per cent, ranging from a high of 75 per cent in Utah and Colorado to a low of 34 per cent in Washington. In Oregon the annual deer harvest hovers around 29 per cent, while in California it was 16 per cent in 1953. In states where bucks and does may be shot, the deer population approximates the theoretical maximum for the carrying capacity of their respective ranges, whereas in California the maximum is overreached annually by nearly 200,000 head. And the situation in California is paralleled in most states where sentiment conflicts with reality.

Deer are actually a *weed* species under conditions of modern range management and usage. Nearly every state in the Union with an area that will accommodate deer has suffered enough bitter experience to bring this fact home. The appalling losses in Arizona's Kaibab National Forest in the winters of 1924 to 1929 are directly traceable to overpopulation and overprotection. The mule deer herds on the Kaibab Plateau jumped from 4000 in 1906 to 100,000 in 1924, only to fall disastrously in five years to the present 10,000 level, where they are likely to stay for a long time. For what reason? The basic forage plants have been so depleted that even this tithe of the former numbers is struggling for existence. All over the nation, areas where the harvesting of bucks is the only solution to the deer problem are threatened with similar depletion.

Today half the states are faced with the question of how to convince the hunter that deer are becoming their own worst enemies and are eating themselves out of range and forage. It is a campaign against prejudice, custom, and blind sentiment.

The urban hunter who makes an annual trip to his favorite grounds has little understanding of why his game seems smaller each year, with fewer and fewer good bucks. He blames this on scarcity rather than plenty, overhunting rather than too little, and bad management, which it is. But he never places the blame where it belongs, on himself.

It is high time for the sportsmen of the nation to get together with their respective game commissions to find a sound solution. No improvement in range management will do it, because unregulated deer populations will destroy more range than any public agency can afford to create. No lengthening of seasons will do it, since the buck kill has little relation to the spring crop of fawns. No increase in permissible kill will afford relief if legality is confined to bucks only. There seems to be but one answer. Does are deer.



Labor's next objective is a guaranteed annual wage, a demand which according to LELAND HAZARD of Pittsburgh would be ruinous were it applied across the board to all businesses. A lawyer who has taken an increasing responsibility in business management, a citizen public-minded and outspoken, Mr. Hazard has been General Counsel and Vice President of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company since 1947, and a moving spirit of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, which has done so much to revitalize the once Smoky City.

CAN WE AFFORD A GUARANTEED WAGE?

by LELAND HAZARD

1

UNDER our American system of free enterprise — the process which feeds, clothes, and houses all of us — the enterpriser gets some funds together; buys land, buildings, machines; employs people; makes something which people need — shoes, nails, soap, a Rolls-Royce — and then sells the product for enough more than it cost him — a profit — so that he can repeat the process. You may wade through the books from Adam Smith to Mill to Keynes but you will not escape from these fundamentals, the chief of which is that when the product is sold it must bring more than it cost if the enterprise is to continue.

There is another fundamental in any economy in which people are free to make choices. The product must be one which people want and the price one which people can and will pay. Few people can pay the price of a Rolls-Royce; so the Model T Ford became the first motorcar to find a million buyers in one year. In either case the manufacturer's cost was below the selling price; otherwise both the Rolls and the Ford would have passed into the limbo of the hundreds of automobile names of the forgotten past. Where are the Stutz, the Winton, the Peerless, the Pierce-Arrow? Buried in the graveyard of costs too high for the price people would pay.

The economic order does not invariably provide rewards for individual enterprise, however willing and energetic. During the grim period from 1930 to 1935 I handled the legal aspects of a good many Middle Western foreclosures of residential, business, and farm mortgages held by insurance companies. My law practice had made me something of a specialist in sick business, and I took more than one previously prosperous enterprise into the courts for liquidation or reorganization. I realized then that not every man, however good his morals, his ability, and his willingness to work, could be the master of his own fate.

One day my wife, whose capacity to notice the fall of a sparrow is scarcely less than that of the biblical deity, described all she had read in the face of a man turned away from a construction job — his newspaper-wrapped lunch unneeded, for there was no market for his energy and skill. She thought, as she passed, of the other wife, awaiting the news of the uneaten lunch, the unneeded skill.

To cushion the worker against a slump in the demand for his services, we have devised our Social Security system, with its provisions for unemployment compensation. But labor leaders feel that we should do more. They want industry to provide a guaranteed annual wage. Now a guaranteed annual wage becomes a problem only when people are unable or unwilling to buy enough products to keep at work all of those who are making the products. When there is full employment, workers get wages fifty-two weeks in the year.

A guaranteed annual wage is money paid by an employer to people for all or some part of a year in which they are not making products. The payments are part of the manufacturer's cost and hence part of the consumer's cost. If the manufacturer has ten employees but work for only eight, he must nevertheless recover in the price he gets for his product the payments he makes to his employees for hours they did not work, or he must go out of business. This is true of any employer, whether he has ten or ten thousand employees.

We now have statistics which were not readily available prior to the nineteen-thirties, and with these statistics it is easy to prove the impossibility of the guaranteed annual wage. Indeed, the proof comes by looking at three popular fallacies: 1) corporate executives take too much, 2) stockholders take too much, and 3) corporations hold back too much. For a minute we will assume that these criticisms are valid and limit all salaries to \$10,000

per annum (Franklin D. Roosevelt would have permitted \$25,000), forbid the paying of any dividends to stockholders, and take away all earnings retained by corporations. In the year 1951 — a year of high earnings and profits — these confiscations would have produced a fund sufficient to carry all workers (some 60 million) in a period of unemployment for only about seven and a half weeks.

Of course such a scheme would be ruinous. We could never pull managerial skills from the rank and file with a ceiling on compensation incentives; people would not invest their savings in industry if there were no dividends (and so there would be no funds for new enterprise and new jobs); corporations without the power to plow back earnings into new and better machines would collapse and grass would in truth grow in the streets. Even if the fancied pot of gold could somehow be confiscated, we could pay an annual wage for only one year to only 15 per cent of all workers. Here we have the true measure of the inability of American industry to guarantee an annual wage to the total work force. By wrecking itself, our industrial system could pay for only one year the average annual wage to about 9 million unemployed persons. There are at present approximately 62 million employed workers in the United States.

The workers themselves have questioned its practicality. Last February, the Public Opinion Index put this survey question: "The CIO has proposed a plan where the company pays an employee while he is laid off. The employee would get three quarters of his regular weekly pay, including state unemployment compensation. Do you think a plan like this would be practical for companies throughout business and industry, or not?" Of the workers who answered, 50 per cent said not, and gave as the chief reason a question: "Could companies afford it?"

Some labor leaders may say that even so they will have the guaranteed annual wage for *their* people regardless of its impossibility in all segments of the total work force. But this discrimination would not long be tolerated; and as the pressures for extension mounted, smaller enterprise would be the first to sink under the weight of costs too high for the prices people would pay.

A short time ago I asked a highly placed corporation executive, "What do you think of the guaranteed annual wage?" He replied, "We are against it." And there the conversation ended. But nothing is to be gained by refusing to talk about an idea which has been floating around for so long. The first guaranteed annual wage was incorporated in a labor contract as long ago as 1894. The three classic cases are all more than twenty years in practice — although significantly they are not called, and are not in fact, a guarantee to pay all workers on the rolls all or any portion of their rates whether or not there is work for them to do. The plans of the Procter & Gamble Company, George A. Hormel

& Company, and the Nunn Bush Shoe Company vary sharply in detail, but each involves either a stabilization of production or a leveling of individual earnings so that peaks and valleys are avoided; and for substantially all employees who have been on the rolls for a reasonable time, annual earnings are relatively constant.

All three of these plans stress coöperation and teamwork between management and labor; all grew from a strong impulse on the part of management and labor to avoid the uncertainty and insecurity of irregular employment. Not that the managements of those companies expected to make less profit. Quite the contrary. Their published statements show them to be as hardheaded as the next businessman.

Outstanding in the record of these three classic cases is the coöperation of the workers. All three of these now firmly established cases of highly stabilized employment and annual earnings were initiated by management. They did not ensue from blunderbuss demands of unions in the face of the facts of economic life, but rather from highly motivated managements searching for a way to an apparently impossible goal and finding employees willing to aid in the search.

2

LET us take a quick look at some deeply entrenched labor practices which stand in the way of guaranteed annual work. Dr. George W. Taylor, Chairman of the War Labor Board in World War II, has pointed out that under a guarantee of annual work the employer would purchase labor wholesale rather than retail. In other words, industry would purchase for a year in advance what would amount to an inventory of labor. Management, confronted with the necessity of utilizing that inventory, and with the fluctuations which occur in most businesses, would need many changes in the rules.

The present labor contracts are the development of fifty years of bargaining based upon the assumption that men are to be employed by the hour and disemployed instantly when a particular job runs out. The habits of mind of management as well as of workers are keyed to this assumption. Because the job of the individual worker may terminate at almost any moment, numerous deeply vested interests for the protection of that job have been built into labor contracts.

Take seniority, for example. Under present rules not only is the older worker — "the man with the whiskers" as he is often called — protected from the longer layoffs, but also he is protected in his claim to periods of work sometimes as short as an hour or less. Several men may be transferred from one job to another so that those with the most seniority keep working. Such transfers may involve placing men on jobs for which they have inadequate ex-

perience or competence. Under such circumstances the union may maintain that seniority must supersede competence and demand that management furnish an experienced person to train the inexperienced man. To many readers this will sound absurd. But to the worker it seems reasonable. He is hired by the hour. Therefore he demands every possible hour of work. The younger men willingly concede the claim to the older. Seniority is a fetish to which efficiency must yield — and the consumer pays the cost.

Take another case — reclassification or combination of occupations. Workers have built up very careful protections for their specific jobs. I offer a somewhat simplified illustration. If a man has been walking *ten* feet north and south and at each extremity making ten vertical movements with his right hand, that is a job. Then comes a new product. To make it, the man must walk *five* feet north and south and *five* feet east and west to make the same number of identical motions. The union may assert that this is a new job — one which requires a different rate of pay — or may assert that the north-south passage is one job and the east-west passage another job, so that two men instead of one must be employed, even though the total energy output is not increased and even though each of the men must be idle half the time. Substantial production is lost while new rules are worked out. *This adds cost, and again the consumer pays. But to the worker this job sanctity seems reasonable. His job lasts by the hour. Only by protecting the job integrity can he gain the maximum pay opportunity for that job.*

There are great numbers of major rules and vast numbers of minor conditions which have been developed for the protection of the individual worker who does not know at sunrise whether his job and his pay will continue beyond sundown. Would workers and their unions alter these rules and conditions so that management could employ labor efficiently by the year rather than by the hour? That is one of the questions.

On the other hand, management would have to make considerable changes in customary attitudes and habits to effect the stabilization of production which is essential to steadier pay. Often industrial management says smugly, The customer is king — how can we level off production when the buying habits of customers are uneven? Phrases like “seasonal fluctuations” and “inflexible demand” are given a sanctity into which no one may inquire. A sales manager rushes in with some carload orders and demands immediate delivery. Few production managers have the courage to suggest that the salesmen might have sought customer cooperation in planning for more uniform buying. Even fewer corporation officials would turn down the business rather than effect a purely temporary expansion of the labor force. But if they all stopped to think

about it — and they do at times — the corporation president, the sales manager, the production manager, and the customer would be a little ashamed of their assumption that labor must always be waiting in the wings ready to rush onto the scene whenever demand takes a seat and claps its hands.

The worker asks, Shall I buy a house, a car, an encyclopedia, a season ticket for the symphony, or plan a vacation trip? Asks whom? The production manager will tell him to ask the sales manager and the sales manager will tell him to ask the customer. But the worker wonders whether a system which he fundamentally respects has to be quite so casual about his quest for more security.

It all comes down to this: steadier industrial work on an annual basis might be provided for a substantial percentage of our people if, under the guidance of top management, production engineers and salesmen should cooperate to convert customers to the habit of more level buying, and if unions and workers would agree with management to convert work-and-pay rules from an hourly to an annual basis. Cynics in both management and labor will shout, Too many ifs! But the will to do is the first essential.

I am not unaware of the business cycle as a factor in all this. But I have seen too many guesses go wrong to accept the business cycle as an excuse for no planning for stable work opportunities.

On the management side the public relations, advertising, and sales skills which convert women buyers from high to low to no waistlines, men from razors to safety razors to electric razors, could be employed. On the labor side also some imagination is needed. Labor cannot have the best of two possible worlds: on the one hand high hourly rates, tight seniority rules, and the like, and on the other hand a guarantee of fifty-two pay checks a year. If capital is to employ labor for a full year, then the rules must assure a full year of production.

3

SOME of my readers are probably wondering why I have ignored the role of government. The real issue, my critics will say, is adequate unemployment compensation financed by state taxation. At the present time about 80 per cent of industrial workers can receive unemployment benefits of \$25 to \$35 per week for periods of unemployment of twenty to twenty-six weeks. True, these benefits are less than half the actual average rate of annual earnings of industrial workers and they continue for half a year at the most. So a person unemployed for a year, even though his unemployment benefits are tax-free, must live on a quarter or less of his normal income. Some union leaders say that this is not right and that industry should supplement these state benefits by a guaranteed wage integrated with state unemployment benefits.

Possibly the demand on industry for the guarantee is only a feint designed to force industrial support for higher state benefits by legislation. But the state benefit presents even a greater problem than the employer guarantee. The state is not a party to the labor contract and therefore cannot bargain for the conditions by which the employer who contracts for a year's production would get it. Herein lies a difference of massive proportion.

We have seen how trouble arises when an individual employer pays money for nonproduction. The cost of the products goes up and the consumer pays the increased cost. The result is exactly the same when the state pays money for unemployment, or nonproduction. Two consequences ensue here. First, since the payments made by the state do not result in more goods, as when an employer pays money for wages, the payments are an inflationary factor tending to drive prices higher. In 1914 I knew a carpenter whose grocery bill for a large family was \$40 a month. Today for the same amount of food he would pay \$115 — almost three times as much. World Wars I and II have contributed to this inflation but old-age pensions and unemployment compensation have also played their part. Payments, whether by government or by employers, which do not result in more goods or more facilities for the making of goods result in higher prices.

There is another principle which tends to defeat the purpose of unemployment compensation financed by taxation. This is the principle that the purchasing power of money diminishes when taxation takes more than a certain proportion of the fruits of labor. Economists do not agree upon where the limit is or upon the criteria for determining the limit. But all economists will agree that in a nontotalitarian state there is some point at which the currency will be devaluated as a consequence of taxation. In America 28 per cent of our national product is now taken by the several forms of local, state, and federal taxation. If this is not a red light, it is probably a flashing yellow.

Just as we have found that in the case of corporations there is no pot of gold, so also the state itself, unless it is totalitarian and people are not free, is subject to automatic limitations upon the ability to make payments for nonproduction of the things by which people live. A moment's reflection will show that this must be true; otherwise why would we not all simply vote ourselves adequate incomes to be paid by the state and spend the rest of our lives at fishing, symphony concerts, baseball games, or chess?

No one would support this foolish proposal, but it is not so readily seen that the difference between this absurdity and any payments for nonwork is only a matter of degree. Such payments invariably tend to be self-defeating, for no sooner are they made than they become inadequate because they

increase the price of the necessities they are intended to provide. Hence a vicious circle ensues: payments for no work, higher prices, larger payments, still higher prices. Is there a way to stop the spiral?

People consume things relatively uniformly. The rate at which people use paper and ink, eat butter and bread, wear out shoes, clothes, houses, and automobile tires, is not so unpredictable as our lazy minds suppose. To the extent that things are bought unevenly, despite their uniform rate of use, we have the finest techniques in all history — radio, television, newspapers, magazines, public relations, and advertising skills — to alter the habits.

When machines make things evenly and uniformly, the volume is greater, the cost is lower, and therefore the price can be lower. When people are working the machines uniformly and evenly, fewer people are required. Here is the heart of the problem. How many people are really required to work the machines? When that number is ascertained, plant by plant, when there is a balance between machine capacity and essential manpower and a balance between rate of production and rate of consumption, then a question like guaranteed annual wage sinks into relative unimportance. The steady, uninterrupted work of the machine means equally steady and uninterrupted work and pay for that number of people who are needed.

Have I begged the question? Is it not true that these propositions mean more unemployment? Have I not merely offered annual work to some people and deprived others altogether of work opportunities at the machines? Perhaps so, but I have identified the problem and have established that it will not yield to patent-medicine treatment.

Our materialism has produced too much dependence upon industry. We fret about ways for industry or government to pay more human beings than are needed to tend the machines. Industry can give up some manpower for service in schools, churches, community activities, the arts and graces and services which give men the spiritual equipment to use *things* rightly. In the first seven months of the year 1954 we paid in America \$1.3 billion for unemployment benefits. Funds of this magnitude applied consistently to education, to mention only one case, would open opportunities for many a frustrated student who forsook the call to teach because only in industry, whether working or not, had he the best chance to secure his bread. Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower — all have committed government to alleviate the risks of unemployment. But they have committed government to a self-defeating task if only the crude technique of paying money to idle men and women is employed.

It is quite possible that a people, committed as we are to the proposition that no sparrow shall fall, must make payments which supplement the fruits of enterprise. The question is, Payments to whom, for what purposes? We have assumed that we can

achieve the fabulous ideal of a reasonably good life for everybody by paying a wage when the materialistic machine fails to pay it. This assumption I question.

A forest ranger skilled in the prevention of devastating fires, a national park guide devoted to the lore of open spaces, a bass viol player in a municipally supported symphony, a highway patrolman commissioned to curb the involuntary suicides of speed demons — such a man, regularly employed, is likely to be a more buoyant citizen, a better spender for the products of the machine, than an idled machine worker on industrial relief. The Romans tried free corn and it did not work. Have we the wit to do it better?

It is better for government to stimulate employment in vital activities for the spirit of men than to subsidize the periodic idleness of materialism. Admittedly such payments by government would not produce material goods. But if they produced some poems, paintings, and songs to judge us by, we might, as the centuries pass in review, stand more proudly at the final bar of judgment. As things are going now we shall be able to offer only some slick models of gadgets, designed for creature comfort and petty pride, produced at costs too high, selling for too much to too few, because we could think of nothing better for industry or government to do than to pay money to idle people not to produce them.



BARE TREE

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

ALREADY I have shed the leaves of youth,
Stripped by the wind of time down to the truth
Of winter branches. Linear and alone
I stand, a lens for lives beyond my own,
A frame through which another's fire may glow,
A harp on which another's passion blow.

The pattern of my boughs, an open chart
Spread on the sky, to others may impart
Its leafless mysteries that once I prized,
Before bare roots and branches equalized;
Tendrils that tap the rain or twigs the sun
Are all the same; shadow and substance one.
Now that my vulnerable leaves are cast aside,
There's nothing left to shield, nothing to hide.

Blow through me, Life, pared down at last to bone,
So fragile and so fearless have I grown!



"I was educated at the University of Chicago and at Radcliffe," writes FRANCES WEISMILLER. "Since then, aside from two war years, I have trailed my husband around certain literary and academic circles, producing four children en route. Due to a patented secret process, which we will explain on receipt of \$100,000 cash, two of these are male and two female. With this money we plan to purchase the top of a hill, a Neutra house, six horses, three cows, forty hens, and two iridescent green Jaguars. My husband is a poet, a Milton scholar, and a teacher of creative writing. He didn't write any of this."

THE MISBRO TREE

by FRANCES WEISMILLER

1

WHEN we first went to live in Deyá a goat was tethered on the terrace just below our house to eat the lush January grass. But her time was near, and my children made her nervous, so Pablo took her to have her kids elsewhere. Pablo's young black pig remained, in a pen ten feet from our house. The goat might have caused as much nuisance if she had stayed, but she would have done so with more grace.

The first time the pig got out, my seven-year-old girl shouted, "The pig! The pig! He's in Pablo's garden!"

I rushed out of the kitchen and leaned over the fence beside her, to see him laying waste the young bean plants on the terrace below. I grabbed a stick, climbed over the gate, and hurried down the steps to head him out. "Sally, you run to Pablo's house and say '*El cerdo* —'" I searched for a word meaning "escaped," but I didn't know one — "*El cerdo es abajo*." This meant, more or less, "The pig lives downstairs," but it was the best I could do at the time.

"I can't remember all that," Sally wailed.

"*El cerdo es abajo*," I repeated, batting at the pig's neck. "Just yell, '*El cerdo! El cerdo!*' Run!" I could hear her footsteps, but I was too busy to watch her go. My two younger children began to whimper. I glanced up, to see them flattened against the wire fence, staring at me round-eyed and worried. "Be quiet, Georgia," I told the larger of the two. "You're scaring the baby. I'm all right. I've got a stick."

The pig made for the potato bed. I chased him over toward the wall. I didn't know how easily he might become annoyed or how hard he could bite my bare legs or even whether he was likely to. I didn't know enough to swat him on the nose. All I could do was scold him as if he were a dog and

whack him on the side. For perhaps ten minutes we sparred nervously this way, and I was in grave danger of whatever a three-month-old pig can do to a grown woman. Meanwhile the children's lunch burned on the charcoal fire. At last Pablo's wife appeared, followed by her adolescent son. The two of them chased the pig up and down the terrace. Dozens of little plants lay trampled in their wake. Finally she caught the pig by one ear, which enabled her to get hold of the other. The boy grabbed the hind legs. Together they dragged the shrieking animal up the steps and into the pen. She beat it with a stick and cursed it in Majorcan, and then, with a sullen nod in my direction, she left. The boy stayed long enough to put a big stone in the hole through which the pig had escaped.

Antonia, who washed my dishes and floors, had appeared in the midst of this. She looked tight-lipped and said nothing until it was all over and we had started a second lunch.

"*La señora de Pablo no es muy simpática*," she observed, and then said something I couldn't understand. We resorted to a mixture of Spanish, French, and telepathy through which I learned that Pablo's wife had greeted Sally with a screech (in Majorcan — she knew Sally had a few words of Spanish): "It was you, you nasty little insect — *you* let the pig out!" Then Antonia had intervened, snarling, "Why do you say that? You didn't see it!" while Sally stood there understanding none of it.

I say Antonia snarled because she must have. Majorcan — a form of Catalanian — is so nasal and harsh that any conversation sounds like a cat fight. But Antonia, like most of the people of Deyá, was kind, gay, and peaceable. To hear her say anyone was not *simpática* gave me a turn. Up to this time I hadn't noticed Pablo's wife much, but now I began to pay attention. She was skinny

(which is a bad sign in a grown woman in Spain), with an insincere smile and a voice both earsplitting and unctuous.

I liked her pig no better. Majorcan pigs usually have two little dangling fingers of flesh under their chins, and this pig had dirty gray-black skin showing through his meager bristles. I was frightened of what he might do to my baby if he got loose on the terrace; pigs have been known to kill children. Originally I had been much pleased to give him our garbage, but for several days after this incident I felt tempted to send it to somebody's chickens. Still, feeding the pig had become a habit, and to change would have been a hostile act (which is of course more serious than a hostile attitude).

I had also a less presentable motive for feeding the pig. I wanted some of the fruit of the misbro tree. My neighbor, Mr. Robert Graves, said it was my tree — that it went with the house. I wasn't so sure. The tree stood on the same terrace the pig had torn up. To be accurate, it belonged to the man in Valdemosa from whom I rented my house and from whom Pablo rented the land below it. But since misbros are of no money value, because they bruise and don't keep and therefore can't be shipped, no one would be coming all the way to Deyá to pick these.

Misbros are loquats, a yellow-orange smooth-skinned fruit which grows in the part of California I come from. But my family never had a tree, and I had always yearned for one. It seemed to me that in return for my garbage, which was rich in banana peels and sometimes even included a little sour milk (there is no refrigeration in Deyá), Pablo could well let me take what misbros I wanted — especially since he had access to several trees.

Pablo had the local black market in soap and coffee and he was not noted for square dealing or generosity. But I rather liked him; he often stopped to play with my children when he came through on the way to his garden, and whenever I told him I had run out of fuel and that the meat was in danger of spoiling if I couldn't use the oven, he chopped wood or brought a sack of charcoal immediately.

So I thought he would let me have the misbros, and one day he said that when they began to ripen he would pick out the good ones for the children. I remarked that I knew the fruit, meaning that I should like to pick them myself. He may or may not have understood this; at any rate he repeated that he would pick them.

2

THE uncompromising green of the fruit began to waver; but it was a very slow spring, and though the tree stood against a south wall and would ripen early I watched week after week for a trace of yellow. Early in April I thought I saw it; but then came ten days of wind and rain, and even a shot of

hail. After that we had a few good days, followed by another storm.

I think the pig must have been very hungry and that he realized the ground was soft after the rain. At any rate he jumped the eight-or-ten-foot drop from his terrace and dug up half the potatoes. Antonia heard him at six-thirty in the morning when she came to make my fire. I felt relieved that it was before Sally and Georgia were out of bed and open to suspicion.

It was a Sunday. The Graveses, whose three children played with mine, came to drink coffee after lunch. Pablo was there working on a new fence for the pig's run. The children spotted the misbros, which looked almost possible; Pablo kept his promise and picked ten of the least sour, and then we ordered the children away from the tree. It was at this point that Georgia appeared, carrying one of the potatoes the pig had dug up; and since there were five children wandering among the plants, it was natural for Pablo to tell Mrs. Graves that although he was not interested in the misbros, he *was* interested in his potatoes. This remark was plainly meant for me; but Majorcans are polite and indirect in such matters.

For the next two days I argued with my children and the younger Graveses to let the tree alone, threatened them with bellyaches, and sat at the windy edge of the terrace to enforce the rule. Tuesday evening, after a day of full sun, I told Sally that by two the next afternoon there would be a few ready to eat. But when we arose next morning all the yellow ones were gone and only green ones remained.

Mrs. Graves, remembering Pablo's remark about not being interested in misbros, suspected boys. So two mornings later, when a few more misbros had turned quite yellow, I stationed Sally in a chair on the terrace, wrapped her up in a blanket, gave her some bread and butter and a book, and went back to bed. Half an hour later Antonia brought me my coffee. I got up and fed and dressed the younger children, and took Sally her egg and her milk and an orange. At schooltime, when the menace of boys ceased, no one had come near the tree. I looked at the fruit longingly, but I wanted to let the noon sun do its work.

Noon arrived, and Pablo's wife came with her boy to feed the pig. They stood a moment on the steps, talking in Majorcan, and I suddenly felt, although I couldn't understand them, that they were going to pick the tree. I couldn't think what to do; I hurried into the house and poked the fire, and then went out again to look. They were picking, all right. I wailed "Oh!" and dashed into the kitchen and told Antonia. I was almost in tears — I had watched and wanted those misbros for so long, and kept the children away with such struggles; and I was also missing my husband (who was working in England) and feeling my five months of

pregnancy. We went out to look. Every edible fruit was gone.

"What a pity," Antonia murmured; and she seemed extraordinarily sorry for me.

It was particularly distressing because there was absolutely nothing I could do — Pablo's wife was quite within her rights. No bargain had ever been made. I had been polite and indirect, and fed the pig, and left the fruit to ripen, and now I had no misbros. Maybe she didn't even know we wanted them.

"She knew it perfectly well," Mrs. Graves said that afternoon at tea. "People here don't care about misbros; and Pablo has other trees. She probably did it just for spite."

It seemed to be the consequence and just reward of my not liking the woman and her pig. People know these things. I suppose pigs do too.

But late that afternoon Antonia suddenly appeared with a dozen misbros, much fatter and sweeter than anything I should have had from "my" tree. I started to give the children four each, but Antonia stopped me. "You eat some," she said very firmly. "You want them." She made me eat three of them, and refused to take any for herself.

They came from the priest's old mother. "I said the *Señora* wanted them, and *la madre del padre* said 'But surely! Why not? She shall have them!' and ran to pick these. But you must have them from that tree too," Antonia added in the firm tone she had used before.

Since I didn't know the priest's mother at all, this seemed extraordinarily generous, both of her and Antonia. I was deeply touched and grateful, and it was a sentimental moment. Deyá, enclosed down to the blue Mediterranean in its steep rocky crescent of mountains, with its blue sky and terraces of olive trees and the golden sunlight and clear air, seemed to me cousin to my home, but even lovelier. I could taste the ambrosial sweet-sour of the first fruit of spring. I gazed at "my" tree. Antonia was going to say to Pablo, as if it were her own idea, that since the *Señora* had fed the pig for three months, he really ought to give us the misbros. I might get them yet.

3

BUT what Antonia actually said was something quite different. She informed me next morning that she had met Pablo and told him I had carefully left all the nice ones to get nicer, and then his wife had come and taken them. This seemed to me a very odd approach, especially from Antonia, who is as polite and indirect as any, and hates trouble. The next thing that happened seemed even odder. Pablo appeared at the door, haggard, worried-looking, and unshaven. (This last wasn't odd — Majorcans don't overwork their razors.) He caught me in my dressing gown, with my hair uncombed,

but what he had to say seemed too important to be postponed for irrelevancies like that. He apologized profusely. By this time my Spanish was fairly fluent, but I couldn't understand half what he said. Several times he repeated that his wife "knew nothing," that the boy had begged his mother to get him some, and that I knew how children were. He assured me over and over that they wouldn't pick even one more. I shouldn't have known what to say if I had been able to say it in English; I mumbled, "*No es importante; no es nada; muchas gracias*," and fled, clutching my robe about me with one hand and still holding my comb in the other.

Whose misbros were they? I knew Pablo was only entitled to the produce of his own planting. So presumably he had no right to the misbros. But that didn't mean that I had any right to them. Who the devil was I to object to his wife's taking whatever she wanted? Or was it just that he was so used to apologizing for his wife's disputes that all this hadn't even occurred to him? Laboriously, I conveyed these thoughts to Antonia. At last she gave me a rather curious smile and stopped sweeping for a moment. "You can have whatever you want to eat; you just point to it. Me, I can't; but you can."

I was horrified — I supposed she was speaking of the privileges of the upper class, to which tourists are assumed to belong. But she wasn't. I had a right to the misbros, after all: in Spain, a pregnant woman must be given any food she wants. I asked whether this was a Franco law or an old custom.

"*Es costumbre*. Otherwise, there would be so many damaged children. It would be very bad."

I still didn't understand, so she told me about a woman who saw some *sobrasada* in a house she was visiting. *Sobrasada* is a red sausage of raw pork preserved by quantities of paprika. It sounds unpleasant and dangerous, and, like the strong local olive oil, it doesn't taste good to newcomers. But when you have breathed Majorcan air for a few weeks, you suddenly find them both excellent. *Sobrasada* must be very rich in vitamins; and since it keeps for years, it can't be an ideal home for bacteria. At any rate it is a staple food, if you can afford a pig in the first place, and this particular *sobrasada* was unusually good. The woman wanted it badly, but she didn't like to ask for it. A few weeks later, when she "gave light" to her baby, its mouth was constantly open, as if it were always hungry. The midwife asked the mother what she had wanted to eat and not eaten, and then fetched a scrap of *sobrasada* from that particular house and rubbed it on the baby's lips. The baby shut its mouth and was all right from then on.

This was only the beginning of a collection of anecdotes which went on all through the floor washing and bed making and laundry sorting.

The custom was the same in the part of France where Antonia had worked as a girl. She had heard

of a baby with big raised strawberry marks on one leg and one cheek, which grew bigger and redder in strawberry season and went down the rest of the year, because its mother had wanted strawberries and gone without them.

I wondered whether it was bad luck to refuse to give a woman who was *embarazada* the food she wanted; in Spain you hear now and then of bad people who have been "castigated by God" — usually by means of painful and incapacitating illness. Antonia was a little puzzled by this question at first; no one would do such a thing, since it was only necessary to give a tiny scrap of the food. Apparently it wouldn't be bad luck, but the word would get around, and people would think very ill of anyone who did it. It was a serious matter. Pablo's wife had come to Antonia's house in a rage, asking why Antonia hadn't told her I cared about those misbros. "I said it was because I didn't want to talk to her," Antonia reported; and then, seeing my amazement, "Better to tell the truth — and what else was there to say?"

She went on with her stories. The best came from Deyá itself, and I liked it especially because I knew the priest. The priest was fat and friendly; he liked to try his impossible English on me. His opulence was enclosed in a long black cassock, and he wore a little round shaved place on top of his round black head. His mother, whom I later met and thanked for her misbros, was even fatter and jollier, with all false upper teeth and all gold lower — an effect (in bare-gummed, ill-fed Deyá) most joyfully and deliciously prosperous.

The priest's mother had told her story to Antonia while she was collecting my misbros. One day, a little before the priest was born, she had seen a salad at a friend's house. The lettuce was fresh from a particularly excellent garden and shining with oil. Her friend offered her some, but she was ashamed to have been caught staring at it and refused. All the rest of the day, wherever she went, she kept seeing that salad. When she went to bed she began to cry, she wanted it so badly, and she wept all night. "*Es el niño*" — the baby was making her cry. Early in the morning she went to her friend's house. By this time the salad was wilted and dark and watery, and as she entered the yard her friend was throwing it into the rabbit hutch. To her friend's horror, she snatched it away from the rabbits. Then she washed it and ate some. It tasted wonderful. When she had eaten only a little bit of it, she and the baby were satisfied. Her friend insisted on making her a fresh salad exactly like the old one, and of course she had to eat it. But it didn't taste like much.

The misbros on the terrace ripened, dozen by dozen. At their best they sometimes had the perfume of pineapple, but they were variable; you could get a sour one that looked dead ripe. My tree — for now it was quite mine — bore a good

many small, dry, sunburned fruit: the southern exposure which made it one of the first to ripen also took the moisture out of the ground. But they all tasted delicious to me, and those sheltered by the leaves were sublime.

I could see, however, why my parents wouldn't have a tree. The children spat gigantic seeds everywhere. Antonia swept ours up two or three times a day and fed them to the pig, along with our dead vegetables and broken glass. (No one scrupled to throw anything at all to a pig; they said that if pigs didn't know better there would be no pigs.)

These seeds have tremendous vitality and will germinate and take root anywhere. I suppose that's another reason why my parents refused us a loquat tree. But the most objectionable thing about misbros is their effect on children's insides. Until they're so ripe they turn orange and drop into your hand, no one in Deyá ever attributes an upset stomach to anything else. They are supposed to be worst if you eat them with the sun still on them; unless it is twilight or a gray day when you pick them, you have to wash the sun off. I still consider them the most desirable fruit in the world; and the best of all were from my dry little tree. They had a flavor which spoke to my soul.

This was evidently a true *pica*. When I passed on Antonia's tales to Robert Graves he told me that was the Spanish for what we call a pregnant woman's whim. Mr. Graves sang me an old English song about how Mary asked Joseph to pick her some cherries "for her child," and he refused. The cherry tree bowed down its branches to her. Mr. Graves said the earliest source of the story was in the book of Pseudo-Matthew, and that Spaniards sometimes call a man they hate — someone mean enough to refuse an unborn baby — *Tío Pépé* (Uncle Joe) after Joseph.

My relationship to the pig mellowed with the misbros. One day Pablo took the pig away for an operation. "So that he will have no children," Antonia said, confirming my guess. But the pig was off convalescing for what seemed to me rather a long time; and he came back thin and subdued. One day when Sally said something uncomplimentary about him I pointed out what a dismal and lonely life he led, and was surprised to find myself really a little sorry for him. Then we noticed a wound with a stitch well up on his side; and I suddenly realized that he had been a she all the time. I picked her some misbros from my tree — feeling that since she would never have a *pica* of her own, poor thing, I would lend her mine. This access of benevolence did not survive the season of flies (I was just upwind from the sty, and it was a cold morning when I couldn't kill two hundred flies in my kitchen just by swatting), nor did it ever extend to Pablo's wife. But while it lasted, and while the misbros lasted, there was a lovely mood in the house.

Gettysburg

"Pondering the degree to which accident could overturn the schemes of wise men, Prince Bismarck once concluded that there was a special providence for drunkards, fools, and the United States. Indeed there is much to be said for the argument that America has survived and grown strong by a miraculous streak of luck that, at one turning point after another, has directed fortune its way." So writes OSCAR HANDLIN, Professor of History at Harvard and author of The Uprooted, which won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1951. This is the fourth in a series of five articles drawn from Mr. Handlin's forthcoming book, which will be published in early spring under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

WHY LEE ATTACKED

by OSCAR HANDLIN

I

ON July 3, 1863, young Henry Adams wrote home from the English capital. He was tired. He wished the letter to be gay, but a tone of despondency crept into the phrases that described the events of the past few days.

A round of festivities had left him little time for sleep. Each morning he went for a long ride in the park, worked a bit in the afternoon, then stayed out to dinner until late in the evening. On Tuesday he had been a guest at the most magnificent ball of the London season.

But there was ever a bitter potion mixed in with the pleasurable brew of which he drank. For it was not, after all, to be a gay blade that he had come to Great Britain. His mission was more serious. Sent off to London with his father before secession had led to war, he had not the opportunity to bear arms himself. But fully as earnestly as those who stood in the ranks of the Army of the Potomac, he was fighting for the safety of the Republic.

Even before the opening shots had disturbed the calm of Charleston Harbor in April, 1861, it had been clear that diplomacy would play a weighty part in the efforts of Southern states to dissolve the Union. Henry's father, Charles Francis Adams, had been dispatched to London to foil the Southern quest for international aid. He knew that the European powers had the strength to intervene decisively should they wish to. The mere recognition of the Confederacy's independence would open to it the resources of armaments, supplies, and money to resist indefinitely. This had been the calculation of the radicals who rushed the South toward secession. In their blindness, they imagined that they held in their grasp the one precious commodity that would turn all the world to their will. Cotton was king, they proclaimed, and for its possession the great manufacturing nations of the Old World would rush to curry favor with the Confederacy.

The Southern statesmen whose hopes ran in this vein were not long in being sadly disabused. It was true, after a year or so of war, Britain began to suffer from a cotton famine, and the factories of Birmingham and Manchester slowed the pace of their production. In France too the want of the precious staple created a minor economic crisis. But it was not over the question of cotton that Europeans were divided in their attitude toward the American war. Rather, they took sides because they perceived that the war involved the whole future of the Republic and of the way of life it represented.

A fundamental proposition was being tested: Could a great nation survive and expand with its government in the hands of common people, or must it inevitably revert to some form of aristocracy? This was the question involved in the future of slavery or freedom in America. This was also the question bound up in Lincoln's denial that a state could secede and, of its own accord, destroy the government established by the people of the United States. The task of the Adamses, father and son, was to make that question clear to the English.

In some sectors of English society, the North found immediate sympathizers among men who understood the relationship of the war to the cause of liberty. One of them was John Bright, a Quaker and man of peace. A few years before, he had spoken out boldly against the Crimean War. But in the American Civil War he saw issues that held him to the Union side. In the half century of his life, England had advanced with gigantic steps toward the modernity of mass production. Bright was not tired of change; rather he resented its slowness. He longed for improvements in political and social legislation equivalent to those taking place in technology. In the way were an outmoded aristocracy and a monarchy that had resolutely opposed every step away from the past. But America seemed

to offer the opportunities denied by Britain. For America in its marvelous growth in every sphere was the living demonstration of what men could achieve without the cumbersome burden of worn-out institutions.

A square-shaped man who customarily turned up in the House of Commons in plain dress, Bright was through and through a liberal, a democrat, and a republican. As a member of Parliament from the industrial city of Birmingham, it required considerable political courage and integrity on his part to argue for the cause of the Union, regardless of the sacrifices that support of the North might entail for the profits of the textile companies and the wages of the millworkers on whose votes he was dependent. With him stood a large body of opinion in England, in France, and on the Continent.

Numerous as they were, such men as Bright, Richard Cobden, and William E. Forster were not in power in 1861. For thirteen years the conservatives of the Continent had been in the ascendancy. The revolutions of 1848 had threatened to destroy the older order. In desperation, the ancient regime had closed ranks and struck back. The shattered nobility had reformed and accepted an alliance with the men of new wealth. The established churches and the monarchs, shaky from the fleeting nightmare of a throneless Europe, had joined the alliance which was now everywhere dominant. The Hapsburg Emperor, the Romanoff Czar, the Hohenzollern King of Prussia, stifled the Continent in reaction — shrewder and more flexible than in the past, but nonetheless determined to resist the newness of which the United States was the symbol.

2

OF THE alliance of reaction, the Emperor of France was the leading spokesman. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had come a long way since those days when he had shivered in the fields fighting with the Italian revolutionaries of 1831. He had gained a throne and lost his honor. A petty man, he had discovered in 1848 which was the winning side; and betraying his comrades in arms, he had pulled himself to power by a succession of coups. His uncle's great image he held constantly before him, yet he lacked the first Napoleon's daring and resolution.

Not infrequently Napoleon III was seized by the turncoat's fear of having chosen the wrong cause. Lurking memories of discarded hopes from time to time moved him to ruthless repression of the remnants of French liberalism. His secret police were active — even in the United States, where his spies kept watch over the agitation of radical refugees and labor leaders. For Louis Napoleon had disturbing recollections of the New World. He had crossed the Atlantic as a fugitive, and with his own eyes he had seen the growing power of the young Republic and the vigorous spirit that attached its

people to democracy. Better than any of the other crowned heads of Europe, he understood the menace of Americanism to the old order.

Incessant fright of the future also drove Napoleon III to seek security in a dynastic marriage. Fearful lest power be snatched from him, he imagined that he could plant his roots back in an imperial past by marrying a princess from one of the oldest lines in Europe, even if but from an obscure branch of it. After 1853 a queen of Spanish origin reigned by his side in the palace of the Tuileries.

Eugénie de Montijo was the last blossom of the court of Madrid. For a century that court had been the scandal of Europe — thoroughly selfish, completely immoral, and dedicated to no larger interest than gratification of the whims of the royal family and its courtiers. Even now rumor linked the queen of Spain in a love affair with a pianist. This was the atmosphere in which Eugénie had grown up, vain and selfish, carefully guarding her honor, which was the price of a good marriage, and credulous to the point of superstition. In Paris she imagined that she was surrounded by enemies of all sorts, and embarked, in the time-honored tradition of her house, upon a career of intrigue. Of the Americans and all they represented, she disapproved in any case; but in addition family reasons made her hostile to the Republic.

It was inevitable that Louis Napoleon and Eugénie should cook up an extravagant scheme for restraining republicanism even in the New World. They had taken under their wing a simple young Austrian archduke, whom they had singled out as emperor of Mexico. The venture was not only intended to create an empire in the New World; it would also aid French business interests and sustain the Catholic Church, then under attack in Mexico. Unfortunately, no statesman in the government in Paris had ability or courage enough to point out the disastrous flaws in the plan.

Reassured by promises of French support, with an entourage and an army supplied by Louis Napoleon, Maximilian in 1863 assumed the crown and prepared to go in person to govern his new domain. He had the support of the local conservative political clique in Mexico City. But most of his subjects were violently hostile. Imperial authority did not extend beyond the limits of the capital, and the provinces were torn by full-scale revolts. Furthermore, it was altogether clear that the United States would not recognize him; and while the Republic was for the time being in tumult at home, it promised to give him its attention the moment that its domestic distractions ended. For Napoleon and Eugénie the potential threat from the North to the empire was an additional motive for desiring the failure of the Union forces and the permanent division of the United States.

From the first, therefore, France was ready to aid the South. But it was not free to act without

the agreement of England. Napoleon had too many irons in the fire to embroil himself in overseas commitments without the assurance that the British Navy would be friendly.

3

IN ENGLAND a substantial body of conservative opinion favored the South and disunity. Tories who had not forgotten 1776 viewed with joy the collapse of the American experiment. Others considered the United States the source of the insidious republicanism and democracy that now threatened their own society. "The vaunted democracy," sneered *Blackwood's*, dragged from "his proper obscurity an ex-rail-splitter" and put "its liberties at his august disposal." Under British institutions, the magazine boasted, neither he nor any of his cabinet could have emerged "from the mediocrity to which nature had condemned them, and from which pure democracy alone was capable of rescuing them." In the House of Commons and the House of Lords a majority favored the Confederacy and awaited a strategic opportunity for expressing that preference.

The final decision, however, rested with Queen Victoria's ministers. Three members of the British cabinet were in a position to affect the critical decision. The first was Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, an old hand at politics, who was now in his seventies and who could look back with satisfaction on an eventful career. All his life he had found it advantageous, and even amusing, to play the role of the wily diplomat not bound by usual standards. Yet in actuality he had always been attentive to popular impulses; and like his old master, Canning, he had taken the liberal side in foreign affairs and been friendly to the Americans.

With the two other most powerful members of the ministry, Palmerston had frequent fallings out. At the head of the Foreign Office in 1861 stood Earl Russell, who was approaching seventy. The noble earl was known to Americans as a liberal, for his name was associated with the great reform measures of the 1830s and 1840s. Yet he had no real taste for the role into which he had been forced by the exigencies of party politics. Time and again he found himself on the popular side against his will. The Foreign Secretary was perfectly willing to recognize the South, and in December, 1861, had composed an ultimatum which, had it been dispatched, might well have led to war with the United States. Cooler heads had averted the crisis, but Russell continued to believe that the Union divided would make Britain stronger everywhere in North America. Such an outcome would free Canada from the threat of the expanding Yankees and would increase commercial opportunities in the South and in the North. Both regions would be dependent on England, which could then play one off against the other.

William Gladstone's calculations led to the same conclusion. Gladstone never outlived the conservatism that had once led him to proclaim himself "an out-and-out inequalitarian." This devout believer in an established crown, church, and aristocracy disliked the United States and was an earnest sympathizer with the South.

For the moment, the British cabinet hung back; it hesitated to take steps that would outrage liberal opinion at home. Furthermore, Charles Francis Adams had let the English know in no uncertain terms that the United States would bitterly resent any expression of sympathy in behalf of the Confederacy. Through the first year of the war, therefore, Her Majesty's Government was cautious. It recognized the South's belligerency, but not its national independence. It gave no official, direct support to the rebels, yet it permitted their agents to operate openly in the British Isles.

The crisis approached as 1862 drew to a close. Union defeats in the Peninsular Campaign and the Second Battle of Bull Run had only partially been offset by the victory at Antietam. There seemed no reason to expect that the South would ever be crushed. In October, at Newcastle, Gladstone announced that Jefferson Davis had made a nation.

But Palmerston's deliberateness held the English back. He would not be hastened by colleagues he disliked and distrusted. Yet, in December, 1862, another Union defeat at Fredericksburg brought the point of intervention closer. Napoleon III, emboldened, proposed mediation and was rebuffed by the United States. He now awaited the nod of assent from London to proceed to more active steps on behalf of the Confederacy, which, for its part, had indicated it would support the Mexican empire.

Meanwhile, in Britain's shipyards, the Lairds were building a pair of rams and a cruiser to join the *Alabama* and the *Florida*, which were already at sea, creating havoc in the American merchant and whaling fleets. (Two hundred and fifty Yankee ships were to go to the bottom under their guns.) Charles Francis Adams had protested that the rams were warships, and ought not to be transferred to the Confederacy. Yet shrewd men in London and Richmond had no doubt that somehow the ships would find themselves under the Stars and Bars and under the command of Confederate captains. In any case, a loan successfully floated by the Confederacy had just then yielded the means for paying for these ships and other supplies.

As London moved into the summer season described by Henry Adams, the time was ripe for a final effort to assure English recognition of the Confederacy. It was only necessary, through some dramatic demonstration, to show the North the futility of further fighting and at the same time to demonstrate to Europe that the South could not be conquered. To that objective the best military minds of the Confederacy were turned.

On the surface of things, two years of fighting had hardly changed the situation of 1861. The Confederacy had successfully beaten off the attacks upon its capital. It had suffered losses in the West, but these had not affected its center of power. Even in the remote regions of the South, the Confederacy could still strike back; only recently it had retaken Galveston from the Yankees. Secure on the defensive, the Confederacy had no doubt that it could resist indefinitely.

This defensive posture, however, was irksome to those who shaped the military policy of the South. President Jefferson Davis longed for the decisive moment that would establish the permanence of the Confederacy. He wished to be finished with the burdensome expenses of war and free to lead the new nation toward the romantic destiny he envisioned for it. If only the energies of the new state were not squandered before then, peace brought by some single decisive blow would justify secession.

This also was the desire of the Commander in Chief of the Army of Virginia. Ever since he had resigned his commission in the Army of the United States to take command of the Confederate forces, Robert E. Lee had remained on the defensive. On the familiar ground of Northern Virginia he had brilliantly frustrated the successive Union stabs at Richmond. But he was weary of being attacked, weary of seeing the battle rage back and forth across the lovely landscape he cherished. He knew what the war was costing his people; and he knew also that there would be no end to it in this interminable, bloody beating off of one thrust after another from the North.

In any case, it was not thus that he saw himself — ever parrying, ever waiting for the enemy, and with no power of initiative. He had preferred that other war in Mexico, in 1846 — a war of long marches and daring assaults. An inner image of himself flickered frequently in his thoughts — the vision of a gallant leader riding forward. No doubt it was that vision which, at a review on June 8, led him impulsively to put his horse Traveller at a gallop, to ride wildly three miles forward and three miles back.

What Lee wanted was some decisive feat that would bring a satisfying peace to the South. Again and again his mind came back to a daring idea. As the spring of 1863 drew to a close, his resolution was fixed. Determined to believe in its success, he minimized the risks involved and persuaded himself and the government that his strategy was feasible.

The problem before him, he thought, "resolved itself into a choice of one of two things — either to retire to Richmond and stand a siege, which must ultimately have ended in surrender, or to invade Pennsylvania." Of the two he preferred the latter. He would abandon the defensive and strike boldly at the heart of the North. It would not be difficult to confuse the Union Army at a time when it was

still leaderless. McClellan was discredited. Lee could sweep to the left of the mountains directly toward the interior of Pennsylvania. Only forty miles away, waiting to be taken, was Harrisburg.

From the strictly military point of view, the strategic utility of the move was questionable. This region was not vital to the economy of the North, and the attack might not seriously disturb the Union armies. But the psychological value of the plan was incalculable. Northern morale, already shaken by heavy drafts of men and by the financial sacrifices of the war, would collapse. The Democratic governors of the Northern states would be bolstered in their growing discontent with Republican administration. Dissension would spread. The Yankees would at last perceive the futility of continuing the long struggle. Most important of all, the seizure of the capital of one of the great Northern states — not guarded as Washington was — would be the convincing demonstration to friends of the South throughout Europe that the Confederacy was unbeatable. Such a stroke would in short order earn the recognition so eagerly desired.

4

ON JUNE 3, General Lee began to move his splendid force toward the Shenandoah Valley. The Union Army, uncertain of his intentions, took up a dilatory pursuit. Following the line of the Shenandoah, Lee moved slowly northward, keeping the mountains between him and the Federal troops. At the middle of the month he crossed the Potomac, and by the 23rd his advance forces were in Pennsylvania, approaching Chambersburg in the Cumberland Valley.

At this juncture Lee suffered his first loss, although he would not for two weeks realize its importance. He sent the main body of his cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, off on one of its sweeping raids through Maryland. Finding the road to Washington almost open, Stuart was tempted to approach to within four miles of the Federal capital. In that act of useless daring, he was separated from Lee's main army.

Meanwhile, the whole of Lee's army had marched into Pennsylvania, and his advance force was now only twenty miles from Harrisburg. By the end of June the Confederates were within ten miles of the Pennsylvania capital.

Lee prepared for the decisive battle. He could not advance further north; for without his cavalry he had no idea of the whereabouts of the Union Army. From a spy behind the Yankee lines, he learned that the Federals under a new commander, Meade, had crossed the Potomac after him. But, he confessed, "I do not know what to do without General Stuart, the eye of the army." Undecided, he therefore pitched camp along the eastern slope of South Mountain near Cashtown and, with his rear pro-

tected, waited for the opportunity to resume his advance.

There he seemed likely to stay, because the Union Army was not in a position to launch an aggressive attack. It had just suffered one of its periodic changes of command, as George Gordon Meade replaced "Fighting Joe" Hooker. Meade was a man of extravagant caution — as the next week would prove. He had no intention of leading his army into an attack that might be as disastrous as those that had overwhelmed his predecessors in the command. He took a position behind Pike Creek in Maryland and waited for Lee to attack him. On the last day of June, 1863, the two armies rested in the lovely rolling countryside that would soon be stained by their blood.

Lee then had no fixed plan of operations, for Stuart's cavalry had still not rejoined him, and he was uncertain as to just where the Army of the Potomac would turn up. He had to choose between the alternatives of retreating back down the valley of the Cumberland and the Shenandoah, and of advancing on to Harrisburg. Either course was risky in the absence of accurate information as to Meade's whereabouts. Of necessity he decided to stay where he was and to await the outcome of events.

Then a chance encounter precipitated the decisive battle that neither Lee nor Meade was seeking. Advancing into enemy territory, the Confederate commanders had looked with envy upon the pleasant towns as yet untouched by war. The neat homes and well-stocked shops offered a poignant contrast with the country they had left behind. For the soldiery it was worse. Ill-equipped and short of supplies, they had come into a region abounding in goods of every sort. On the 28th, Lieutenant General Early had laid the town of York under the tribute of cash and shoes. Elsewhere marching soldiers snatched the hats from the heads of civilian bystanders to shield themselves from the hot June sun. Now, as they waited, momentarily idle, they thought of fitting themselves out even better.

Ten miles from the Confederate encampment was the thriving town of Gettysburg, a regional market center. On June 30, part of General A. P. Hill's division drifted down to see whether they could replenish their stock of boots there. Marching alertly on the hot summer roads, they approached the Lutheran seminary on a hill just west of the little town. There, by surprise, they came upon the advance guard of the Army of the Potomac, Buford's cavalry division. So began the four-day battle that would, in a longer perspective, determine the fate of the Confederacy and the Union.

Drawn into the conflict unexpectedly, each commander committed himself slowly to the decisive struggle. On July 1 the Confederates drove the Union forces through the town of Gettysburg and

southward into the open fields. There the two forces took positions on opposing ridges that commanded the main road back to the South. Their names would acquire heart-rending familiarity in the memories of survivors and of the kin of those who died there — Seminary Ridge where Lee rested, and Cemetery Ridge where Meade drew the Federal forces together.

At this point Lee took the offensive. He did so against the strong opposition of his senior corps commander, Longstreet. But Lee knew that he could no longer afford to wait. He could only attack or withdraw; and to withdraw was to abandon all hope for the dramatic blow that would bring peace out of an interminable war. The only chance lay in a desperate attack, at whatever odds and against whatever difficulties.

On July 2 came the first of the great lunges against the entrenched Union defenses. This was an uncoordinated movement aimed at the flanks of the Union line. The Southerners advanced, in the north, up the slopes of Culp's Hill; in the south, through the Peach Orchard and across the rocks of the Devil's Den. For a brief hour Lee's men held the heights; then they were driven back by Federal reinforcements.

On July 3 came the second, climactic assault. An indecisive struggle at the southern end of the ridge occupied the morning; then it subsided and quiet fell across the torn battlefield. Thirty thousand casualties had already been carried away. In his headquarters northwest of the battlefield, Lee with increasing desperation pondered the alternatives of advance and retreat. His hopes mounted with each onward surge, and he refused to let them fall with each withdrawal that followed.

Already Lee had determined that if he could not turn his enemy's flanks, he would stake all in a daring thrust at the very heart of the Union position. In the quiet hour, as noon passed, he prepared to throw fifteen thousand men against Cemetery Ridge in a supreme effort to break through and destroy Meade's army. Longstreet, knowing the desperate odds against them, argued to the point of insubordination for a retreat. But the gray man on the gray horse would not surrender his dream of victory.

Thus across the torn fields the men advanced, in the long lines of a charge, the bright banners dotting the green fields with color. They came eager and confident, spurred on by the rebel yell of the Old South that was to die with them that afternoon.

They had gone halfway across the fields, some 250 yards, and still had met no opposition. Then, as they crossed the Emmitsburg Road and approached the slopes of the ridge, the Union artillery opened a murderous fire on them. A fence and beyond it a stone wall halted the Confederates just long enough to frame them as a perfect target for the Yankee marksmen. Yet the suicidal attack continued,

carrying a few survivors to the very crest of the ridge. But the decimated group who made it found the ground impossible to hold. The Union troops closed in about them, and the handful who had stormed the ridge were shot down or captured. The main Confederate force retreated to its base. In the brief engagement, twenty-seven generals had fallen and thousands of their men.

Lee had come forward to the line of battle and met the retreating remnants of his shattered divisions. "This has been my fight," he told General Pickett, who led the charge, "and upon my shoulders rests the blame." The commander readied his men for the counterattack that did not come, and took stock once more of the situation.

On July 4, Lee was still in position weighing the possibilities for a further attack. Then at last, that evening, he yielded to the facts. Somberly, in the dark, the great army gave up its hope for victory and peace, and retreated south to the Potomac. The dream of conquest had ended.

Many dreams died that day on the bloody fields of Gettysburg. The little cemetery on the hill, grown large now, had been consecrated by the brave men who struggled there. From every end of the country, from many parts of the world, they had converged upon this Pennsylvania hill to bury there the delusion that secession might succeed. And in that burial they had determined that government of the people, by the people, for the people should

not perish from the earth. The South fought on for want of alternative, but no longer in the conviction that it could win. It was thereafter a matter of time before the greater strength of the North crushed the last embers of hope for the Confederacy. For it was now clear that aid from Europe would not come. The news of the battle went back to London, where the Adams family received it with jubilation.

The British cabinet now knew it could not intervene, and accepted the prospect of an ultimate Union victory. Across the Channel, Napoleon III also grasped the significance of the event and surrendered his hopes of an empire in the New World. Maximilian's flimsy empire survived a few years more, until American pressure and Mexican revolutionaries ended it against a stone wall, before a firing squad.

And with these dreams also died the last hopes of European reactionaries that the American experiment in democratic republicanism would fail. In 1869 as the English approached a democratic franchise, in 1871 as the Parisian revolutionaries pulled apart Napoleon's empire, the European consequences of the demonstration became apparent. At home, the Union, now one and indivisible from coast to coast, never again faced the question as to its identity or authority. These were the stakes of the momentous struggle that swayed across the fields of Gettysburg.



BANJO BOOMER

by WALLACE STEVENS

THE mulberry is a double tree.
Mulberry, shade me, shade me awhile.

A white, pink, purple berry tree,
A very dark-leaved berry tree.
Mulberry, shade me, shade me awhile.

A churchyard kind of bush as well,
A silent sort of bush, as well.
Mulberry, shade me, shade me awhile.

It is a shape of life described
By another shape without a word.
Mulberry, shade me, shade me awhile —

With nothing fixed by a single word.
Mulberry, shade me, shade me awhile.



OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY is almost as much at home in America as in Ireland. A gay, dynamic figure who pilots his own plane and loves archery, Dr. Gogarty was a fellow student with James Joyce and, so legend has it, the model for Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*. During his many years in Dublin he knew well the leading Irish writers such as George Moore, W. B. Yeats, and Lord Dunsany, and shafts of his wit have been cast in many a volume of his affectionate reminiscences.

LORD DUNSANY

by OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

I

How Lord Dunsany came to be a poet is a problem that may be somewhat baffling. He was brought up to be a soldier and therefore he went to Sandhurst instead of to a university. It is not necessary to go to a university to be a poet; but it is necessary to have a poetic gift, something innately strong within you, if poetry is to survive Sandhurst. Poetry in a military college is a thought satiric. But, to Sandhurst Dunsany had to go: *noblesse oblige*. He could not do otherwise. There have been many poets who were soldiers but few soldier poets. Not the least remarkable of his gifts is this ability of his to have survived the mental discipline that regiments a soldier's soul. He also survived the prose of the fox hunter with its contempt for the definite article: for example, "Hounds found."

Many of his plays were written before the First World War, between 1909 and April, 1913. They reveal a high distinction and one quite unusual in modern drama. There is an unearthly liturgic quality about them, a language measured appropriately to the inexorable utterance of outlandish gods in far inaccessible fastnesses, strong places high above the lowly world of men.

His first play was *The Glittering Gates*. It was produced in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, April 29, 1909. It was such a success that Lady Gregory, who controlled the Abbey Theatre, took it off the program with the excuse that it was not sufficiently long. In spite of this rebuff (perhaps it was so disguised that it did not seem a rebuff) he offered his next play to the same management two years later. Its title was *King Argimēnēs and the Unknown Warrior*. This time the characters were dressed in the dregs of the Abbey greenroom, so no longer was the discouragement disguised. For a while I thought that Dunsany's resentment was not altogether justified, until I saw to what extent the management of the Abbey would go to make one of Yeats's plays or the plays of Lady Gregory a suc-

cess. Dunsany's dislike of Yeats grew from this. The Abbey Theatre saw Dunsany no more.

Since he tried his prentice hand in the Abbey, he has written some of the greatest plays in the English language: *Alexander*, *The Queen's Enemies*, and *A Night at an Inn*, to name but three.

It is not quite fair to attribute a trend to a dramatist; but sometimes unfair things are quite allowable; so I can see that Dunsany judges men by the gods they worship. It may not be so; that is why I have taken the unfairness to myself. To prosecute the thought further, there is in the Irish defiance in the midst of destruction and desolation, in Irish bravery in the face of ruin, that which is akin to the dramatic attitude toward life: regarding it from a detached point of view. The judgment on men by the gods they choose!

The Abbey Theatre, being a one man and woman show, could not hold such an independent and self-contained spirit as Dunsany long. So the world became his stage, and on it he was a success second to none — certainly not to those who deal with passing and ephemeral things.

I shall content myself to present one of his notable sayings and sentiments. Here is an echo which they who love to air their acumen in tracing ideas to their source would attribute to his ancestral history: —

It is built of rock and our palace is all of marble. Time has not scratched it with six centuries. Six centuries tearing with all their claws. We are throned on gold and founded upon marble. Death will some day find me indeed, but I am young. Sire after sire of mine has died in Barbul-el-Sharnak or in Thek, but has left our dynasty laughing sheer in the face of time from over these age-old walls.

The aristocracy of the language is a fitting vehicle for the poetry that becomes lyrical in these lyrical dramas, for they are not dramas of the folk or of humanity in the coil of life, but chants of those who

are confronted more immediately with Destiny than are ordinary mundane beings.

2

IF DUNSANY's spirit survived the routine and discipline of an army school, it endured because of influences earlier still — the breath of the woods and skies about Dunsany Castle and the aloofness, rather than the loneliness, they provided. These were part of his heredity. In his childhood he was protected from slipshod and ignoble reading. He had access to nothing but language of the Bible and of romances such as those that had set Don Quixote's spear in rest. These, acting on a mind of extraordinary sensitiveness and discrimination, have given us some of the purest and most distinguished English of today.

Where did he get those names of thrones and dominations and principalities from some astral hierarchy all his own which he uses so effectively: Perdondaris, Erl, Ziroonderel, Thek, Yann, Lirazel, Alveric, Tharrabas? Names that never were on sea or land, astronomic and skyey names, yet with an echo of the Gospel in the last. I cannot tell; but I remember one afternoon, while walking in the woods of Dunsany, I spoke of Coleridge and his name for the Sacred River in his *Kubla Khan*.

"Where did he get it?" I asked.

"From the first word in the Greek alphabet obviously," Dunsany answered, and that came as a revelation to me.

When I mention beautiful prose, I think of a comparison: Dunsany's prose is as pure, fabulous, and as rare as the unicorn of which he writes so familiarly.

Again and again the unicorn aimed fair at Orion's heart; the huge white beast stepped forward pressing Orion back. That graceful bowing neck, with its white arch of hard muscle driving the deadly horn, was wearying Orion's arm.

There were other causes at work to keep his lips more eloquent than words of army command required — causes that have been the making of many a poet; and these were the sounds of the wind in the trees and the light on the fields and bogs around his Irish home. This love of nature is seen clearly and simply, because it is not as idealized as in *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, when he writes of the Ireland that he knows as no one else knows it who can transmit it so well. *My Ireland* is the best book about the Irish countryside that has been written. His sympathy with wild nature glows through it, and that wry humor of his enlightens its every page. The quest he sets for himself which is never achieved is an example. He pretends that he is writing about the one thing that anyone will want to hear (as if all were not sick of it), Irish politics.

In this book that I am planning to write about Ireland, there is only one thing that anyone will want to hear, a thing without which the book will be totally uninteresting, and that is — What the people of Ireland actually think of the new form of government.

As if anyone in a country pre-eminent for its moral cowardice would dare to speak his mind!

Here is an example of his sarcastic humor from another book. How tolerant and detached it is!

The house is a windowless ruin, burnt for political reasons, upon which I will not enlarge, for they are well enough known in Ireland, while my English readers are not likely to have that inner knowledge of politics which it is necessary to have before all the advantages of burning the house of a man with whose politics you are in disagreement are clearly understood.

All through *My Ireland* he is put off by strange excuses. He never meets an outspoken man. Some were interrupted as they were about to expound. One had a lapse of memory. None spoke his thought. Here is another example of Dunsany's cryptic humor: —

A wind was still raging. We found some snipe that had not been flooded out, and I shot four. But in the opinion of my gamekeeper, who has considerable experience, they were wild as the Devil's father.

Again when he stalks plover from the shelter of an ambling cow: "In spite of the name on the cover of this book [*My Ireland*], it was not *my* cow."

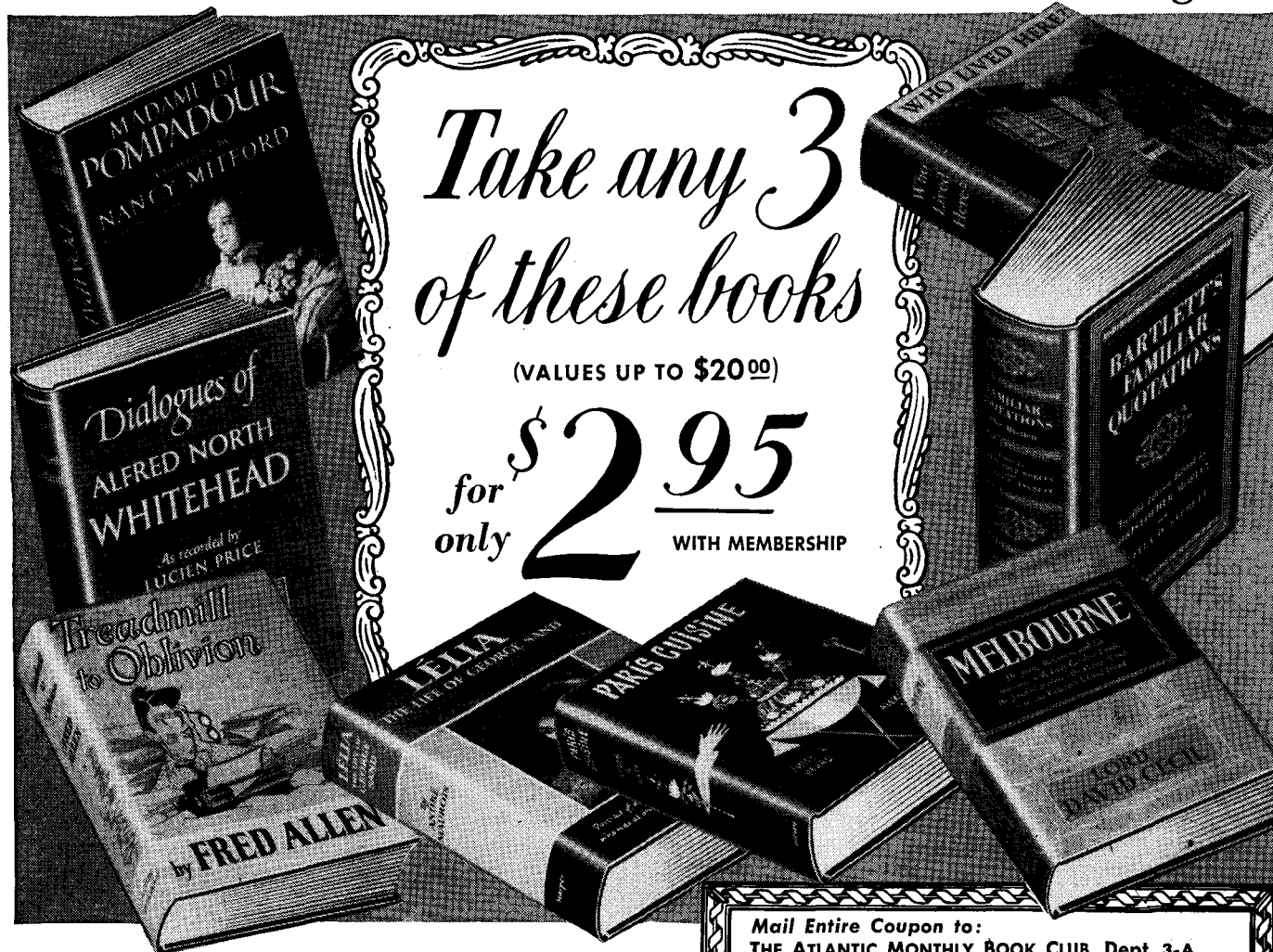
Dunsany's feeling for the hills and fields he knows, set in the days dim in history when the Milesians warred and ruled, appears in this beautiful extract from *My Ireland*: —

For the hills of Slieve-na-Calliagh seem very blue from Tara, and unlike the fields of this world; and the long row of them going over the utmost rim of the view might upon many an evening have hinted to the people gazing from Tara that amongst that gathering of dim blue mountains there was the magic for which their hearts were yearning, and of which their druids spoke. And so, when the end came to the days of their kings, they carried them there to the hills that seemed so mysterious, trusting those far blue slopes to hold the mystery of death. There the Milesians buried Ollamh Fodhla, one of the chief of their kings, at the top of the hill, with counties spread out all round him. I do not know what hopes they had of heaven, but they must have had a great love of earth who chose this view.

It is a great love of earth that inspires such writing. While you are reading you ask yourself repeatedly as you come across passages of great poetry and charm, "Why is Dunsany not more popular? Why is he not better known?"

We must differentiate between popularity and

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vulgarity. Burns was a popular and vulgar poet. Dunsany is neither the one nor the other. He is not popular because he stood outside the parochial procession of the times. When Yeats was reviving the old sagas and with them patriotic sentiment, he established a claim upon the public as interpreter of the national myth, and thereby got the public in a quandary because they dare not repudiate nationality. They had to accept its exponent and they did so grudgingly. So Yeats became popular by that only. His songs never were in the common mouth, nor are they ever likely to be. Neither to Yeats nor to Dunsany was the vernacular known.

Dunsany had none of these myths or sagas to help him. He invented his own. He "dwelt apart." More than that, he was repudiated by the vigilant Lady Gregory in her desire to fend off any competition from her Abbey internees.

While it is not strange that Dunsany should scent a conspiracy to keep him out of the Irish Literary Renaissance, it is odd that he should feel aggrieved at the absence of a wider recognition of his poetry in Ireland.

In *My Ireland* Dunsany fails to get an opinion on government from any of the cottagers within miles of his home. He should have taken thought about the significance of this. In it lies the clue to what at first was rivalry, and later enmity, between himself and Yeats, his great contemporary. Radically it is the distrust of the cottage for the castle, of the folk for the aristocrat, of the peasant for the peer. There is no bridging this quagmire into which all that is lofty must sink in the end. "One does not fully understand Ireland if one overlooks the pace with which ruin floats on the gentle wind, and the grudge that the Irish soil seems to bear to civilization." So Dunsany writes.

Yeats came to realize this when he wrote over the door of *his* tower of Ballylee: —

And may these characters remain
When all is ruin once again.

The only things that can remain are the characters, the written word. Let the word then ring over the ruin. For all that can remain when the bog has sucked in castle and cottage is unassailable song.

It would be a mistake to think that the rivalry between Dunsany and Yeats was a literary one. Far from it. Yeats had no rival to fear among contemporary poets. It was not so much rivalry on Yeats's part as it was envy. Yeats, through his descent from parsons, innately loved a lord. He was at heart an aristocrat, and it must always have been a disappointment to him that he was not born one. Not by taking thought could he trace his descent from the year 1181.

Yeats loved high and worthy things. They "invited" his soul. He treasured a silver bowl said to have belonged to the Butlers of Ormonde. According to his historian J. M. Hone, to a friend he

confided, "If I had my rights, I would be Marquis of Ormonde." "What about your father?" asked Æ — George Russell. I am no genealogist, and it would take such a one to clear up the claim of William *Butler* Yeats.

For a while, until George Moore's mockery made him relinquish it, Yeats displayed the Butler crest on his signet ring. Moore, who loved to harass one whom he knew he could never equal, warned Yeats that he would be required to pay a tax for a crest in England. Eventually Yeats changed his signet ring for a large gold ring with blue enamel representing zodiacal signs which Dulac made for him. Thus appropriately he traced his pedigree from the stars.

Dunsany displayed nothing. It was not necessary to his own self-esteem. He was born to the purple and he saw life through oriels of gules.

This, then, was at bottom the cause of the failure of friendship between Dunsany and Yeats. Dunsany sensed some sort of opposition real and imaginary, for some of the forms it was reputed to have taken were probably part of an oversensitive suspicion. Yeats paraded nothing more ancestral than the Abbey Theatre.

3

I HAPPENED to be at Dunsany Castle when a letter with some specimens of poetry was delivered. Dunsany read them aloud. They were the first poems of Francis Ledwidge. I remember how unsophisticated they were, crude and ungrammatical, but fresh with the freshness of morning mist. Dunsany was full of understanding and sympathy. He said that he would point out the lapses when he saw Ledwidge and that it would be all right.

How long the tuition then begun lasted, I do not know. I do know that Dunsany's teaching was effective. How effective it was may be seen in the improvement from Ledwidge's faltering to assured writing. This was a feat of instruction which proves that Dunsany could transmit learning by sympathy; there was no time to teach in the schoolmasters' way. Somebody encouraged a poet in Francis Ledwidge, and filled him with the joy of elevated thought. That man was Dunsany. And, seeing that poetry in a way is courage, Dunsany's encouragement of Ledwidge was a vitalizing and indispensable force.

Not only did he teach Ledwidge English, but he settled a sum of money on him (frequently augmented many times over) which made him independent of earning his living as an overseer of road work.

Ledwidge went with his master to the war and served through many campaigns, to fall, after a return home on sick leave, behind the lines in Flanders where he was building a road.

Now for a contrast which is by no means a digression. Compare Dunsany's attitude to a strug-

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gling poet with that of Yeats in like circumstances. When George Russell approached Yeats, who had called Russell's circle of poetically-minded people "Russell's canaries," to request him to help, not financially, but with a word of encouragement, a certain poet whose work was already influenced by Yeats, the elder poet asked with scorn, "Where is the wild dog ever praised his fleas?"

Was this benevolence? Was this concern for Irish literature? The effect on the victim was to make him bitter. It altered his character, for he depended on his poetry for his self-esteem. To him the *riposte* is attributed, "Where is the wild dog ever knew his father?"

Lord Dunsany's earlier poems told of the wonders he had seen when the hills of Africa looked like crumpled roses in the setting sun. They told of his thoughts by campfires and on the many journeys he had made. They told of the passing of glamour and the unspoiled wild places in his *Mirage Water*. Here he is Vergilian in his regret that civilization is an enemy of old simplicity.

The last wolf in England
Was lean and very old;
The last wolf in England
Was shivering with cold.

He could not read the ages,
And he made no prophecy
Of a weary waste of pavement
Where he had come to die.

And a moonrise robbed of terror,
And the golden downs gone tame.
And a glamour lost to woodlands
Which were old when Caesar came.

But he knew that ancient wonders
That were since woods began
Were weeping at his going
As they would not weep for man.

"Which were old when Caesar came"! With such things he is familiar.

Here is another of his poems which goes to show that a dramatist can also be a lyrical poet of the first order. Such a one was Shakespeare. Notice Fate takes the place of one of the gods.

FATE AND CHANCE

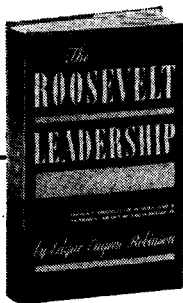
We can't do more than that, said Fate,
Then put her there and put him here
In the same age with scarce a year
Between their births, and separate
By but five miles from gate to gate.
Some free will must be left to steer
Their courses that are now so near.
They must meet surely soon or late.
And later in the empty vast
Where Fate was sitting all alone
I saw their spirits drifting past
By their two ways through the Unknown.
And Fate looked up and smiled, and yet
They travelled on and never met.

Horseman, soldier, sportsman, poet, and playwright, Dunsany is the most representative man I know. His is the life I would choose if I were not contented with my own. It does me good to visit him, and the effect of those visits I have tried to record in the sonnet's narrow room of fourteen lines. Here is a sonnet addressed to the man and his house: —

DUNSANY CASTLE

The twin dunes rise before it, and beneath
Their tree-dark summits the Skene River flows,
And old, divine, earth exhalation glows
About it, though no longer battles breathe;
For Time puts all men's swords in his red sheath;
And softlier now the air from Tara blows;
Thus in the royalest ground that Ireland knows
Stands your sheer house in immemorial Meath.
It stands for actions done and days endured;
Old causes God, in guiding Time, espoused
Who never brooks the undeserving long.
I found there pleasant chambers filled with song,
(And never were the Muses better housed)
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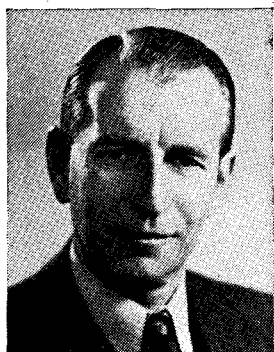
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WE LIVE in the time of raised voices — voices raised in anger, accusation, and denial; and yet the quiet truths in the lowered tone are still being uttered if only we will listen intently. Who are they, these quiet voices? To pick a few: in England, Gilbert Murray, Sir Richard Livingstone, and Barbara Ward; in the United States, Judge Learned Hand, Bishop Sheil, George F. Kennan, Walter Lippmann; in Germany, Thomas Mann and Martin Buber; in France, Paul Claudel and Abbé Pierre; in Africa, Albert Schweitzer, the most remote of all.

Dr. Schweitzer is an Alsatian, and I think it significant that the Alsace he knew as a boy, a province of hotly divided loyalties, should have produced leaders — Schuman, Münch, the Doctor himself — who transcend national divisions in their striving for a more harmonious society. As a student, young Schweitzer was a triple-first: he became a Doctor of Music, a Doctor of Philosophy, and in 1900 he took his theological degree *magna cum laude*. On his twenty-first birthday he determined that he would live for science and art until he was thirty, and after that enter some form of public service. Accordingly, in 1905 he turned away from scholarship and music to prepare himself as physician and surgeon bound for Africa. This meant six more years of study, another doctorate, and books to be written. In 1913 he was ready to go. He had raised the money by his organ concerts, the royalties from his books, and from gifts. With his wife — they had been married a year — seventy packing cases of equipment, and 2000 gold marks, he set sail for Equatorial Africa.

The philosophy he held to during the trying years in which he built the jungle hospital at Lambaréné is of three words, "Reverence for Life." "In putting it into practice in hot, humid Africa," writes Eugene Exman in the introduction to *The World of Albert Schweitzer* (Harper, \$5.00), "he has

become a symbol throughout the world of man's belief in man — an example of compassion for persons, in a day of mass hatreds." This volume is a biography in pictures of Dr. Schweitzer's ceaseless activities in Africa and of his more contemplative and musical life when he returns to his hillside home in Günsbach, Alsace; the man at work, the artist in thought, so truly delineated by the superb photography of Erica Anderson and by the text and quotations, well chosen by Mr. Exman.

The hospital story is the heart — these patients (500 a month) speaking ten languages, victims of elephantiasis, leprosy, malaria, and what else; their superstitions changing to trust, their sores to scars. The carpentry, the building, the surgery; the Sunday service, out of doors; the handwritten notes on the desk he built from packing cases, the pet pelicans and antelope, the jungle that had to be cleared for the new leper ward, the tucking-in of the old; and Bach, after dark, on the piano with zinc lining — here is that quiet, indefatigable spirit whose radiance has traveled so far.

Getting ahead

In one of the best of John Marquand's novels, *Point of No Return*, the hero, Charles Gray, rebels against his success in finance, and the reluctance with which Charles returns to his job in a Manhattan bank is typical of many others in mid-life who had been dislocated and given fresh perspective by the war. Charles, it may be remembered, had spent his formative years in Clyde, Massachusetts, a small elm-shaded town north of Boston, and so does the hero of Mr. Marquand's new book, *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* (Little, Brown, \$3.95). The difference is that Willis is infatuated with success and not so troubled by the ride up on the escalator. Willis's father, Alfred, is a roving engineer who has come to Clyde to put new life into the Harcourt Mill. The mill is a family affair operated in a fine paternal way by Henry Harcourt of the third generation; with his astuteness and with Alf Wayde's improvements the Harcourt Mill, on which the town depends for its livelihood, survives the crash and the Depression.

Willis was fifteen when he and his family moved into the garden house which stands in the shadow of the big Harcourt place, close by the mill. Hero worship is always natural in a boy, and Willis soon falls under the spell of Mr. Henry Harcourt. He admires everything about the elder — his style, his clothes, the antiques with which he surrounds

The Peripatetic Advertiser



Long before a book has moved within range of the swivel chair, it has picked up by accretion a cluster of judgments (solicited and not) on its literary merit, suggestions (largely counter) on the heart-stopping jacket blurb, and bets (confidential) on likely sales. The downier the author the smaller the cluster. But on the big book, the one that has created excitement from its inception, probably several years before publication, there is a gaudy profusion of opinions. It is by this book that a bookseller is moved to correspondence, that the professional prereviewer is inspired to solid optimism, that the critic is encouraged to expansion. If all goes reasonably the book graces the front page of at least one literary section in a Sunday newspaper, it is sued for by magazine or movie, and it slides blandly onto the national bestseller list.

Most important, it survives the season of its debut and thereby to attract the discerning eye of the reader who has been seriously involved with the big books that preceded it.



Three of these on our list are moving into second seasons.

Katherine, by **Anya Seton**, is still collecting important review space. Edward Weeks last month discussed it at length, pronouncing this royal love story of Plantagenet England "vivid, partisan, and picturesque . . . Miss Seton tells her story through the impressions, the passions, and the remorse of her heroine, Katherine. We see Katherine first as a fifteen-year-old, fresh from a convent and on her way to Court where her older sister Philippa is serving the Queen . . . Katherine's glimpse of this lustrous world is cut short by her swift and brutal marriage to Sir Hugh; the isolation which follows in his cold, barren manor in the Lincolnshire fens is a prison from which she is finally rescued by the compassion of John of Gaunt. What begins as pity soon leads to love, so Katherine begins her ten years in thrall. The novelist has created the verisimilitude of that distant century in a dialogue which is nicely shaded for cleric, noble, and commoner . . . She defends her lovers from the vilification of the chroniclers, and by her skillful narrative she brings to life a distant past."



The second of these two-season (so far) best sellers is the **Youth's Companion** edited by **Lovell Thompson**. This has been a fan-mail book from the start and holds up well in the reviewing columns of 1955. Although the abolitionist *Companion* rarely went into the South, our book is now reviewed there in the syndicated columns of John E. Drewry. "For all former Companion readers, this anthology from its century-long file will be like turning back the pages of history . . . But this collection is much more than a memory book. It is literature and history. Meaningful as were these pieces when first published, they have a new and interpretive value when re-read in terms of subsequent developments — social, political, scientific, cultural."



The third of these came later in a triple strength manifestation in the *Atlantic*, *Book-of-the-Month Club*, and H.M.Co. list. Front pages in the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Chicago Tribune*, and *Saturday Review* made it airborne. An eloquent book, it has provoked eloquence from the critics. Orville Prescott, in the *New York Times*, says: "A strange and impressive book . . . Mr. Murchie has sung his own private hymn to the wonders of our modern age of flight and to the mysteries of the ocean of the air. He has explained the new discoveries of physicists and meteorologists. He has lovingly praised the achievements of the scientists who deal in aerodynamics, in geomagnetism, in radio and radar. And he has told many stories about flying . . . These stories, it seems to me, are the most dramatic and the most entertaining element in **Song of the Sky**. But I do not think that they are the reason why many people will certainly be reading Mr. Murchie's book in the next few months. They will do so for two more imperative reasons. The first is that **Guy Murchie Jr.**, writes of a comparatively unfamiliar aspect of the natural world with romantic enthusiasm . . . But equally alluring to a large body of readers, as the popularity of the books of Antoine de St. Exupéry proved, is the mystic's faith that in his own limited experience he has shared if ever so little in the infinite experience of God. Mr. Murchie . . . begins to write about air and machines and concludes writing about time, infinity and God."



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, *Publishers*

himself, the ease with which he manages people. Willis is swift to emulate Mr. Harcourt, and with his proximity to the big house it is also natural that Willis should be drawn to Mr. Harcourt's granddaughter Bess. She is vital, outspoken — she should have been the man of the family — and not sure how to take this large, freckled, fair-haired boy from the West, who is obviously so much more competent than her brother Bill. Bess and Willis come together when she is away from society and when they have the pine woods to themselves.

After the Harvard Business School, Willis becomes indispensable to the mill, and after his training as an industrial consultant in New York it is only a matter of time before he amalgamates the Harcourt Mill with Rahway Belting in the first of a series of combines. What Willis once learns he never forgets; he has a way with people, his gambles pay off, he makes money breed, and he is only flicked by his father's advice, "Just don't get too smooth, or you'll turn into a son of a bitch. A lot of people do before they know it, son."

The story is written in Marquand's favorite mood, the interplay of reverie and the present. It is as if Willis were talking to himself, and in the beginning his candor has the edge on Bess. But as Willis matures, his candor evaporates and the account of his success shifts into business English studded with words like "contacted," "set-up," "angle," "basic," "encapsulated."

It is a novel which will be remembered for its sharply contrasted scenes: the annual June meeting of stockholders at the Harcourt house contrasted with that burly convention at Pinehurst where, over the bourbon, Willis sells out to good old "P.L." Nagel, while the mockingbird sings outside the window; or again, Willis's arrival with his new luggage at Professor Hodges's camp on Lake Sunapee in contrast to that scene in which he and Sylvia take their first look at what is to be "Waydeholm."

What Willis does to the Harcourt Mill, big business has consistently been doing to the independents, and there is very little morality involved; not old Mr. Harcourt with his standards, nor Alf with his profanity, nor Bess with her candor, nor Sylvia with her protests can engender in Willis the loyalty which he is forever and "frankly" preaching. His self-deception and his barren interior make Willis an ignominious, not a tragic, figure; and it is here that I think we detect a failing in the novel. Mr. Marquand can satirize with devastating effect, but he cannot evoke a praiseworthy contemporary. They exist even in big business, and the contrast between Willis and an enlightened "operator" would have supplied a conflict and a depth which are lacking.

Short and sweet

Sir Henry by Robert Nathan (Knopf, \$3.00) is a blithe, absurd parody, a book written to enter-

tain by a master of provocative dialogue and the light touch. Sir Henry himself is an ordinary, working knight of middle years with a reluctant hound named Manfred and a disgruntled horse called Ponderer. The knight's armor is old, his sword is blunt, and despite the length of his service as knight-errant, Sir Henry has accumulated very little of the world's goods, not even a lady fair or a castle.

Our story takes hold just as Sir Henry seems to have reached the end of his tether, the last of his cheese and hard bread. A little bird passes the word to Manfred that a dragon is ahead, and at that point the comic tapestry begins to unroll. In the course of time Sir Henry acquires two maidens — not one — a feather bed, and a green cart lined with cherry silk. All this sounds tempting, but our boy is very set in his ways, and the pleasure he has in his cortege is never what you might expect. The rivalry between the two maidens is predictable, but very little else is, in this charming light-minded book. It reminds me of *The Saracen's Head* by Osbert Lancaster; if you liked that, you will like *Sir Henry*.

This is the season when New England anglers begin to oil their reels, tie some new flies, pore over catalogues, and exercise those piscatorial reflexes which have been too long in cold storage. There is one thing more I prescribe: the bedside reading of *Fisherman's Winter* by Roderick Haig-Brown (Morrow, \$3.50), an enchanting book to dream on. In the winter of 1951-52, Mr. Haig-Brown left his familiar British Columbian waters to investigate the trout fishing of Chile and Argentina. He was passed from host to host, shown the best streams, provided with the best guides, and in true Latin-American hospitality given all the time he wanted. On one prodigious day he fished for eight hours, broken in the middle by a scrumptious picnic and a nap; by actual count he had forty "incidents" in that span, including of course the fish he lost or released and the twelve rainbows and browns he brought in whose weight ranged from two to four pounds. These were fast streams coursing down from the Andes and out of lakes which had been stocked originally in 1904. The fish had grown to phenomenal size, and the water was so fierce that in many places they could be reached only by boat; but he insisted on wading wherever possible, and he always used the fly rather than the crayfish or the spinner.

Mr. Haig-Brown is an observant writer with an eye for the birds — the torrent ducks, the black cormorants — for the Chilean rain forests, for the great peaks, and most of all for the courage and skill of his companions. North America could hardly have sent a better ambassador, and what he has brought back is an authentic, invigorating account of a promised land.

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THE SOLITARY SINGER

A critical biography of Walt Whitman.

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

Walt Whitman's personality and poetic art are so wide, so deep, that despite notable earlier biographies, no definitive life of Whitman has been available. Now — 100 years after *Leaves of Grass*, Gay Wilson Allen brings us the most complete, authoritative and critical account of Whitman and his poetry ever published.

The Solitary Singer breathes new life into the familiar portrait of Whitman, revealing the complexities of this

self-centered Bohemian, with his red flannel undershirt and habitual slouch hat; Whitman the lover of crowds and excitement, passionately living and watching life: in saloons, on Manhattan stagecoaches, on the Brooklyn ferry, in the reeking hospital tents of the Civil War. *The Solitary Singer* presents a true and intimate close-up of the man whom Thoreau hailed as "apparently the greatest democrat the world has ever seen."

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The Letters of W. B. YEATS

Edited by ALLAN WADE

In the personal letters of this great poet, essayist and playwright, William Butler Yeats actually paints his own portrait. A prolific and communicative letter-writer, he seems to have written most freely to a series of women friends, including Katherine Tynan, Lady Gregory and Olivia Shakespeare. Throughout, you'll find his opinions on the theater, on politics and on philosophy, while running beneath it all lies his strange obsession with occultism.

Since the latest volume of Yeats' autobiography, *Dramatis Personae*, does not go beyond 1902, these letters, edited by his friend, Allan Wade, and many in print for the first time, give us an invaluable picture of Yeats' maturing years. This collection of Yeats' letters is magnificently presented, richly illustrated and completely documented.

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JINNAH: Creator of Pakistan

By HECTOR BOLITHO

Here is the first biography in English of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, whose unusual life story has never before been told. Mr. Bolitho, through the active support of the Pakistan government, was able to collect personal details and vivid background material in Pakistan itself. Of all the patriots in India, Jinnah stands apart — isolated, unique.

Forsaking the seclusion he loved for the political life he hated, Jinnah dedicated his entire life to winning freedom

and independence for his beloved Moslems.

His inflexible determination forced the partition of India and created the homeland he envisioned for the long-suffering Moslem community. Rude and uncompromising, Hindus and Englishmen alike talked of him as "the rudest man in Asia." Always lonely, often ill, it was his will power alone that won him his unique victory of Pakistan. Illustrated

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By G. WILSON KNIGHT

Shakespeare's sonnets have long provided a subject for literary controversy. In this volume, the eminent Shakespearean critic, G. Wilson Knight, brings his well known methods of poetic interpretation to this timeless poetry. His analysis not only casts new light on the sonnets, but also provides fresh clues on the relationship of the sonnets to the dramas and to Shakespeare's own personality.

Mr. Knight considers "*The Phoenix and the Turtle*" in

the context of "*Love's Martyr*", . . . subjecting these strange poems to the first extensive literary analysis ever written. *The Mutual Flame* is a contribution of first importance to Shakespearean scholarship. Not only does it offer cogent solutions to many of the enigmas of the sonnets, but it is further distinguished by its insight into the nature of Shakespeare's creativity.

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By R. N. CAREW HUNT

R. N. Carew Hunt, author of *The Theory and Practice of Communism*, now brings us a brilliant reevaluation of the central theories of Marxism. Going back to Marx's antecedents, Hegel and Feuerbach, he explains the philosophic, political and economic doctrines of Marx and Engels and then deals with their practical application in the Soviet Union today.

The author reveals how Marx himself was little concerned with the plight of the individual worker or peasant

and how this emphasis on revolution and class struggle brought him into conflict with those who tried to transform society by constitutional means. Delving into Marx's theory of the State, Mr. Hunt shows how close the connection is between the "stateless society" of the Communist Manifesto and the ruthless totalitarianism of the Soviet Union. Objective and scholarly, this book is also highly readable and its conclusions shed unusual light on a vital world issue.

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BOOKS

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Fiction

THE BLACK PRINCE by *Shirley Ann Grau*. (Knopf, \$3.50.) Varied short stories by a young Southerner who writes of her home country with a shrewdness, vitality, and warmth far removed from the madness and magnolias school.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH by *Elizabeth Hardwick*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.) In describing how a student murder affects a small college town, the author makes interesting comments on the ambiguities of law, justice, and human nature.

THE INNOCENT SAILOR by *Anne de Tourville*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50.) Simple in outline, this story of a Breton sailor's wanderings charms with a curious mixture of precise detail and timeless, misty romance.

Lives and Letters

HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE edited by *Ernest J. Lovell, Jr.* (Macmillan, \$7.50.) The collected reports of his contemporaries prove, in case anybody still has doubts, that Byron was a wonderful fellow, who could claim, like Falstaff, to be not only witty in himself, "but the cause that wit is in other men."

THE MAD MONARCH by *Werner Richter*. (Regnery, \$5.00.) No backstairs chronicle of royal eccentricity, Mr. Richter's book is a serious attempt to relate the insanity of Ludwig II of Bavaria to the political situation in nineteenth-century Germany.

GLADSTONE by *Philip Magnus*. (Dutton, \$6.75.) This readable biography demonstrates that there was much more to the great Liberal than a tendency to address Queen Victoria as though she were a public meeting.

THE SOLITARY SINGER by *Gay Wilson Allen*. (Macmillan, \$8.00.) A formidably thorough overhauling of Walt Whitman's life and works, this critical biography combines fact and interpretative analysis with more than ordinary skill.

Travel and Adventure

THE TEMPLE TIGER AND MORE MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON by *Jim Corbett*. (Oxford University Press, \$3.00.) More of Mr. Corbett's tales of big cats and Indian villagers, told, as usual, with beguiling simplicity and affection.

THE WHITE DESERT by *John Giaever*. (Dutton, \$5.00.) The adventures, findings, and practical problems of a Norse-British-Swedish scientific expedition to Antarctica.

PORTUGAL AND MADEIRA by *Sacheverell Sitwell*. (British Book Centre, \$4.00.) By concentrating on architecture and botany, Mr. Sitwell has created a pleasantly dreamlike book, devoid of problems and full of lovely word pictures.

HAITI: THE BLACK REPUBLIC by *Selden Rodman*. (Devin-Adair, \$5.00.) An enthusiastic admirer of Haiti, Mr. Rodman has written a practical guide book, a brief history, and a love letter, all in one.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Two Minutes till Midnight (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75) by **Elmer Davis** and **Civilization and Foreign Policy** (Harper, \$3.75) by **Louis J. Halle** are complementary discussions of the problem of survival in the hydrogen bomb age. Mr. Halle, while he was a member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, came to feel acutely the need for "an applicable body of theory"; and his book is an attempt to meet that need. The political philosophy it sets forth is in effect implicit in the orientation of Elmer Davis's essays, which focus more directly on concrete issues. Both these volumes, in their different ways, are clear-sighted, penetrating, and above all eminently sane contributions to the continuing debate on U.S. foreign policy.

In his early chapters, Mr. Halle seeks to define precisely what sort of nation we are, and in what sort of world this nation now finds itself. His answers are familiar, and they would probably command the assent of Americans as far apart politically as Adlai Stevenson and Senator McCarthy. The firepower of Mr. Halle's essay lies in the cogency with which it develops the implications, in the sphere of foreign policy, of widely accepted ideas about the character of the United States.

With unflinching clarity and unwavering logic, Mr. Halle shows that to defend the values which constitute our "way of life," it is necessary to be faithful to those values in the conduct of our foreign policy. By that he does not mean forcing "Americanism" upon the world—in fact, quite the reverse. "If consent and leadership are still to form the basis of our government at home, then they must also form the basis of our dealings with other members of the international community to which we belong. . . . We must not insist on the American way of life for others, thereby identifying [it] with conformity rather than with diversity which is our true heritage. More particularly, if we expect the consent of others to our leadership, we must accept responsibility for protecting [their] interests."

Another notable aspect of Mr. Halle's book has to do with "the economy of power." He incisively discusses the relation between a nation's power and the objectives of its policy; the liabilities of announcing objectives which, from any halfway realistic standpoint, are beyond our means (for example, the destruction of Soviet power); the hazards

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of assuming a "posture of threat" over objectives which, while desirable, are not so vital that we are ready to uphold them at any cost.

What Mr. Halle has achieved is aptly suggested in a statement in Dean Acheson's Introduction: "How does this book help the citizen, baffled and bewildered by the conflicting urgencies of the world about him? It helps amazingly. The three hundred and sixty degree circle of choice narrows down to a small arc as the issues arise. The precise answers to these issues are not and cannot be given, but . . . the attitudes, the means, the conduct which are compatible with the values we are seeking to sustain, and those which are incompatible, are clearly shown."

Elmer Davis's book is inspired by the conviction that people in general, and important people in Washington in particular, are not thinking hard enough about the danger of thermonuclear warfare and what it portends. Like Thomas K. Finletter, Mr. Davis believes that, unless there are certain changes in our present policies, we may rapidly find ourselves in a terrifyingly vulnerable position. From this perspective, Mr. Davis has written seven essays which range freely over the field of foreign policy and national self-preservation.

Scattered throughout *Two Minutes till Midnight* there is a precise set of opinions as to what might help to prevent a war and/or increase our chances of victory should a showdown take place. Mr. Davis's prescriptions can be summarized as follows: 1) Stop talking about "more defense for less money" — we need more money for much more defense. 2) Stop "what seems to be an inclination to drive away all our allies whom Truman, Acheson, and the force of circumstances gathered about us." 3) Recognize that "the world is now largely a little left of center, [and that] we are not going to win vast support by giving our most enthusiastic backing to people like Franco and Chiang Kai-shek." 4) Put an end to the disastrous disruption of our Foreign Service caused by irresponsible committees and attempts to appease the "Formosa Firsters." 5) Avoid reckless actions which might precipitate a showdown over some non-vital issue.

Two Minutes till Midnight is not quite as resounding in its impact as the author's previous book, *But We Were Born Free*. As always, however, Mr. Davis's thought has the strong, steady



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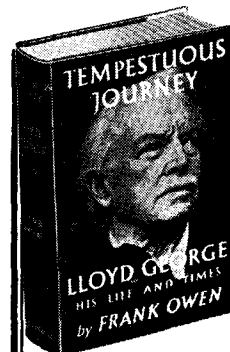
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vibrations of the genuinely free mind. And his prose — with its dry-point clarity, its combative irony, its quietly stinging wit — is as stirring and as deadly in its measured way as any polemical writing on the contemporary American landscape.

Rebel geniuses

Noble Savage (Random House, \$5.00) is the first biography of Paul Gauguin to appear in English since 1931. The authors, **Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson**, have drawn on a great deal of new material, including many illuminating family letters; and the story they have to tell is one of the strangest and most dramatic in the history of art.

Legend has pictured Gauguin as a successful stockbroker who, in middle life, forsook wife, children, and comfort to dedicate himself to painting, and who, despite appalling sufferings, eventually found fulfillment in the primitive life of Tahiti. The truth is rather more complex, more interesting, and more tragic. Gauguin, like most men, had two sides to his character. Profoundly attracted to the primitive and the exotic, he liked to say, "I am a savage." But behind the Bohemian façade of his extraordinary career as an artist one finds conventional needs and conventional ambitions. He never ceased to long for his wife and for the stability of family life; his constant goal was to win fame and fortune so that their separation might be ended. And although Tahiti in some respects lived up to the idyl he had dreamed of, his letters from the island contained the recurring lament of the frustrated European who finds himself stranded from his true center. What stands out most clearly is that in Gauguin there was a tremendous impulse of destruction — he destroyed almost every important relationship of his lifetime. The miracle is that in his art there is a monumental peacefulness, a bright yet mysterious calm.

This richly detailed biography has a number of arresting facets: the little-known facts about Gauguin's turbulent Spanish ancestry and his childhood in Peru; the growth of Gauguin as an artist, a story that leads from Paris to Rouen to Martinique, from Brittany to Arles to Tahiti; the relationship with Van Gogh; the vivid scenes and portraits of the Impressionist era; the drama of Gauguin's last years in Tahiti, with their great artistic achievements and their terrible process of human dissolution.

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In the American academic world, there appears to exist a fairly widespread conviction that biography consists pre-eminently in the sheer accumulation of facts — the more the facts, the better the biography. This encyclopedic approach has certain merits, but it also has grave liabilities. Both are perfectly exemplified in *The Intelligent Heart: The Story of D. H. Lawrence* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$6.50) by **Harry T. Moore.**

In 1951, Mr. Moore published a sizable study of Lawrence, and apparently concluded forthwith that more exhaustive treatment was needed. His present book must come remarkably close to assembling every ascertainable fact which has anything to do with Lawrence's life or work. It quotes at length from 200 hitherto unpublished letters, made available to the author by Lawrence's widow; and it explores all of the conflicting viewpoints about its subject without passionately taking sides. Such thoroughness and emotional balance make a particularly valuable contribution in the case of a writer such as Lawrence, who has been the subject of so many hysterical, erratic, or slipshod books. Mr. Moore has furnished us with the most complete and the most reliable biography of Lawrence written to date; and it is certain to have a salutary influence on future books about him.

The trouble is that Mr. Moore is much more concerned with telling all than with the way in which he tells it. His writing is pedestrian; and his fetish for inclusiveness clutters up the narrative with details which are of questionable interest even to the specialist, and are certainly of no interest to the general reader. The net result is a book quite lacking in flame — and that book is about a man best remembered by all who knew him for his flame-like quality.

Private lives

Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A. (Greystone Press, \$4.95) — **Richard Stoddard Aldrich's** intimate portrait of the woman to whom he was married from 1940 until her death in 1952 — is a book which, as the saying goes, has everything: romance, conflict, humor, sadness, extravagance, choice anecdotes and incidents, and above all the éclat of an extraordinarily vital personality whom Noel Coward once aptly described as "seven women under one hat."

Mr. Aldrich's story is the story of a

love match entered into in the middle years of life, which triumphed — but not without considerable storm and stress — over formidable differences of temperament and long separations caused by war and work. To be married to Miss Lawrence was often a taxing privilege and occasionally an ordeal. When so inclined she could be a model of the compliant wife, but to object to a wish or whim of hers was likely to produce charges of insufferable tyranny. To a proper New Englander such as Aldrich, reared in the tradition that only criminals and madmen live up to their income, it was terrifying to witness Gertrude's vertiginous zest for conspicuous consumption, which, despite her huge earnings, had once reduced her to bankruptcy. Whatever the role which Gertrude felt was required of her, she played it to the hilt. A distinguished clergyman — not knowing who she was or that the harangue she so eloquently addressed to him came straight out of *Susan and God* — assumed that she must be a visiting British evangelist, and made inquiries as to whether she would be available to preach in his church.

Some men, one suspects, would have found Miss Lawrence an unendurable wife — impossibly self-willed and incorrigibly theatrical. To Mr. Aldrich, the outstanding thing about her was a "generosity of love" which softened the Puritan sternness he had inherited. She had a quality, he says, much more arresting than beauty — "the word that comes closest to it is radiance."

Fiction chronicle

Laurens van der Post — whose *Venture to the Interior* was one of the most memorable non-fiction works of 1951 — is an adventurous man of action; a masterly prose writer with extraordinarily fine powers of description; and a sensitive explorer of the inner meanings of experience. While this rare combination of qualities shows up in his new book, a novel, it is not the major work of fiction which I had hoped for from an author so singularly endowed. *Flamingo Feather* (Morrow, \$3.95) is a thriller about Communist conspiracy in the African back-of-beyond. As such it certainly deserves a *cordon bleu* rating.

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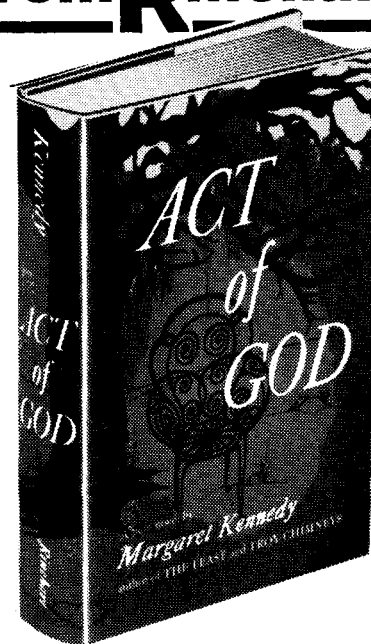
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a great dream will be delivered to his people—a dream which will bring together all the scattered races who were once Amangtakwena. Try to imagine a fusion of John Buchan's *Prester John* and E. Phillips Oppenheim's *The Great Impersonation*; add some special background effects by Rider Haggard ("The Dead Land," "The Great Forest of Duk-Aduk-Duk," "The Mountains of the Night"); add, too, an unobtrusive touch of Freudian psychology—and you will get some idea of what to expect in this farfetched but spell-binding story. Within the cinematic plot, there is a core of intense seriousness—a stirring sensitivity to the heart and mind of primitive Africa; a sad awareness of the white man's burden of guilt; and a deep concern over the future of the African world which the author knows and loves so well and brings so vividly to life.

Geoffrey Household gives the contemporary spy fever an amiable ribbing in an ingenious, urbanely written novel of escape: *Fellow Passenger* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50). The narrator, Claudio Howard-Wolferstan, is by birth and upbringing half English and half Ecuadorian. His father, before dying, advises him to return to England to recover certain undefined assets hidden away in an attic of the former family mansion. The mansion, Claudio discovers, has become a hostel for atomic scientists; and since there is no evidence that it ever belonged to the Howard-Wolferstans, Claudio has to effect his exploration illegally. His plans miscarry; he is arrested; and his escapade develops into a sensational spy case. For in his Oxford days Claudio prankishly joined the Communist Party and forgot to resign. Worse still, the man who was his war-time boss in British Intelligence later did a disappearing act and reappeared behind the Iron Curtain.

Faced with charges of high treason, the narrator decides he had better escape from prison—and does. Claudio is a beguiling example of the resourceful, seductive adventurer, and his efforts to elude capture—by posing as a vagabond artist; as a valuable agent of the MVD whom the British comrades must save from the capitalist vultures; as a chimney sweep, a Punjabi elephant handler, and a Filipino guitarist—form a fast-moving story which winds up with a succession of surprising and delightful twists.

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All Men Are Mortal (World, \$5.00) by **Simone de Beauvoir** is something of a curiosity: an existentialist historical novel; that is to say, a novel which uses history to demonstrate points of existentialist doctrine. What emerges is not in the least austere, but to my mind slightly preposterous. Mademoiselle de Beauvoir's dissertation is packaged in a 120,000-word historical extravaganza with an immortal hero and with ream upon ream of violence, horrors, and *amore* foredoomed to *dolore*.

The story begins and ends in the present. Regina, a French actress, becomes intrigued with an enigmatic stranger living in the same hotel, and she discovers him to be one Raymond Fosca, born in the year 1217. Hoping to find through Fosca an escape from her obsessive frustrations as a mortal woman, Regina, without much difficulty, makes him her lover and induces him to tell her the story of his life. The weird chronicle he unfolds is an existentialist parable which proves that, while the fact of his mortality fills man with nausea and anguish, mortality is the ground in which all human values have their roots. Fosca has discovered that eternal life is a kind of living death. He has learned, too, that men don't want Utopia thrust upon them. What matters to them is what they achieve of their own free will.

What Simone de Beauvoir has to say about man and mortality is sometimes quite provocative, but I can't help feeling that there must be more satisfactory ways of dramatizing her ideas than to take a thirteenth-century Italian, to feed him the only bottle of Bartolomeo's "Elixir of Immortality," and then to weave around him an immense tapestry of the crimes and misfortunes of seven centuries of Western history. The author is unquestionably a writer endowed with an abundance of verve. But equally unquestionably she is afflicted with an unbridled passion for redundancy.

Homecoming by **Jiro Osaragi** (Knopf, \$3.75), the first Japanese novel to be published in the United States in many years, is an extremely readable story which has as its theme

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the sharp contrast between pre-war and post-war Japan. The hero, Kyogo Moriya, was dismissed from the navy as a young man because of a gambling scandal, and exiled himself to Europe. At the war's end, he returns to his homeland and is deeply disillusioned by what he sees. What was good in Japanese tradition has been swept away along with what was bad. The young are superficially imitating foreign manners and mores. The old militarists, who brought disaster to their country, remain resolved to go on living in a world apart, sullenly cherishing their ancient pride. In the general breakdown of standards, it is the unscrupulous opportunists who flourish.

All this is depicted in a somewhat uneven plot, in which there are admirable scenes and also touches of trashiness; and in characterizations which though slight are for the most part striking. Insofar as technique is concerned, the differences from the Western novel are interesting but not obtrusive. As Harold Strauss points out in his illuminating Introduction, the Japanese imagination is more sensory than ours, and its tendency in dealing with the subjective is not to verbalize but to paint — to evoke mood through concrete images. All in all, *Homecoming* has a freshness of content and style which this reader found highly attractive.

The Vagabond (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00), a short autobiographical novel which Colette published in 1910, was recently picked by a jury of French writers as one of the twelve best French novels produced since 1900. The heroine, after much unhappiness, has lately divorced the successful Parisian painter with whom she fell in love as a naïve young provincial, and whose cruelty destroyed her love for him. Now thirty-three, Renée Néré is leading a meager and solitary existence, which centers on her new career as a music-hall artiste. A rich young man-about-town starts pursuing her with great ardor, and presently she finds herself violently attracted to him. The drama that ensues is handled in Colette's inimitably matter-of-fact manner, which achieves effects that are at once poignant and edged with a wry sense of fun.

Filled with sharply drawn vignettes of French music-hall life, *The Vagabond* is a charming and subtle study of a firm-grained mind in conflict with a yielding heart.

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STYLE IN THE CONGO

by ODEN MEEKER

Traveler, writer, and amateur zoologist, ODEN MEEKER is the author of the recently published book, *Report on Africa*.

TOTAL nudism has been corrected," says the official *Traveler's Guide to the Belgian Congo*. The correction of this nudism keeps one factory in the Congo, Utextléo in Léopoldville, profitably employed turning out 23 million yards of splashy cotton prints annually, while the United Africa Company, which is a tropical tentacle of Lever Brothers, sells 100 million yards a year from the Congo up the West Coast. Japanese and Czechoslovakian drummers fly up and down the Coast peddling their own versions of savage African textiles. The best made and the most popular, since the African housewives appreciate quality, come from Britain, the Netherlands, and France.

These are the brilliantly colored batiks and tropical tartans, the handsome and semibarbaric designs which we are apt to think of as peculiarly African, and which were imported by Balmain and Dior and some American manufacturers in recent years to lend an exotic touch to their lines. As far as I know, they were all designed by Europeans in the first place. Still, the Africans have taken eagerly to the white traders' idea of how they should dress, including imitation plush leopardskin. They also love movies about Tarzan and Jungle Jim.

French West Africa imports about \$35 million worth of textiles every year, and the shoppers in the *Marché Indigène* of the capital, Dakar, look as though they were wearing most of them. The Frenchwomen there, with their ankle-strap shoes, metallic red hair, and décolleté sun suits, are com-

pletely eclipsed by the Wolofs who sail into the market wearing an African version of the Parisian mode of the late eighteenth century: head-ties in purple, yellow, and emerald satin, gold coins strung across the dark forehead, and as many as ten layers of dress topped with the blindingly colorful African cottons, and an overveil of white tulle or organdy. Married Wolof women shave their heads and wear wigs of black darning wool sticking out at either side under the head-tie in crescent horns. Among them promenaded the five African mannequins of M. Pierregrosse, a textile tycoon who listens carefully to the *Dakaroises* before having his factories in France turn out the new designs. Before Papa Pierregrosse began to stimulate the market, it took two to three years for the fashion to change; now he can do it in six months. And the models are paid off in clothes rather than money.

The markets in the Gold Coast and Nigeria and the other colonies that are coastal enclaves in the sprawling immensity of French West Africa sell much the same sort of print as in the French colonies or in the Belgian Congo to the south. African bobbysoxers in Accra, wearing super-poodle haircuts, little gold earrings, and tribal scars slashed diagonally across their cheekbones, sashay up and down decorated with pictures of Edward VII, brontosauri, elephants, all-seeing eyes, and jumbo alphabets, in chartreuse, black-brown, watermelon pink, and canary. Baby brothers and sisters are carried slung at the back in another length of dress stuff. Here on the Gold Coast the traditional male dress is the toga, very handsome, and providing an additional market for the same materials.

In Lagos, a little further along the West African shore, in a market with an especially large magical section specializing in live chameleons, you can find Churchill giving his V sign on burgundy brocade, and cotton prints splashed with famous African disk jockeys and currently popular phrases: "So Long" — "Good Luck" — "Cheerio." The trim, nautical BOAC stewardesses who come to shop for souvenirs here sometimes go off lugging the wild African prints, though what they do with them I am not sure — they certainly don't appear as bathing costumes beside the English seaside.

The old-fashioned African approaches to beautification — scarifi-

cation in elaborate geometrical patterns, knocking out teeth or filing them to a point, elongating the skull, or inserting saucers in the lips — are giving way to the flashy, fascinating cottons. These in turn are being picked up by scouts for such American products as Everglaze Funwear, and for the mighty Paris couturiers who have been partial to jungly motifs during the past few seasons. They have not yet, however, imported the two most popular prints from the Belgian Congo — called the *Deux Tonnes* and *Six Bougies*, respectively, after the first appearance in those latitudes of the two-ton truck and the one with six spark plugs. The wearers are known as Two-Ton Women and Six-Spark-Plug Women.

In Léopoldville, the Congoese capital, the prints are sold by the market women, who also deal in plastic novelties, kitchenware, and toasted termites. Many of the most substantial venders — one in Nigeria, a Mrs. Mary Nzimiro in Port Harcourt, grosses about a million dollars a year — are illiterate, but they can do lightning sums in their heads. Designs particularly popular in the Congo are Winston Churchill again (the African housewife seems to be an unflagging Churchill fan), George VI and the present Pope, Generals Leclerc and de Gaulle (Brazzaville, capital of French Equatorial Africa, is just twenty minutes away across the river), and Elsie the Borden Cow. They are sold in dress lengths about forty-eight inches wide and just under five feet long, normally about seven dollars. Both the lengths of cloth and the



wraparound dresses themselves are called *pagnes*.

"People who live in the forest have different taste than the desert and savanna people, who prefer brighter patterns," said a *pagne* expert named Robert Peeters to whom I talked in Léopoldville. Mr. Peeters is a crisp, personable young Belgian in his mid-

thirties who has picked up the African trading languages of Lingala, Swahili, and Kikongo, as well as Arabic, German, Dutch, and Greek, while working at trading posts all over the Congo Basin selling cloth. I found him at the headquarters of a prominent Greek firm named A. & B. Papadimitriou, surrounded by bolts spotted with monster polka dots, printed like crazy quilts, with subtle batik patterns in black and cinnamon, or veined with chartreuse, salmon, or ocher. Most popular in the French and Belgian capitals were those with provocative phrases in Lingala: "You Really Hurt Me," or "Cold Heart — Warm Heart," or just simply "Sentiments." One worldly pattern proclaimed *Bongo Mokonzi* — "Money Is King." Another said "Why Not — Enjoy Ourselves? Dance? Drink? Laugh? Dress Well?" Presumably after absorbing this message, the reader went out and bought another *pagne*.

Mr. Peeters pointed out the interdependence of *pagnes* and beer, gramophone records, and African sororities. When a mode is ready for launching, it is given to one of the African women's clubs in town — *La Délicatesse*, *L'Élégance*, *La Joie*. The members are



agreeable young doxies who hang out in the bars in Léopoldville's *Ville Indigène* or frequent the *Bal Dou-Dou* over in Brazzaville, and they all dress alike. "When they launch a mode," said Mr. Peeters, "it's launched."

The loudspeaker at Papadimitriou's was shattering the Congoese calm with a recording of a syncopated African combo and a girl singer whose lyrics were disturbingly familiar; "*Chérie, Oksom bela ngai bière.*"

"Beer is indispensable to the Congoese concept of romantic love," explained Peeters. Like the Portuguese firm of Nogueira in town, Papadimitriou makes and sells perhaps a quarter of a million gramophone records a year through its posts. Records are used to sell prints, and vice versa. I have seen a belle at the *Bal Dou-Dou* dance by with "*Viva Nogueira!*" across her callipygian stern, and there is also one with a green parrot crying "Good Morning, Papadimitriou," which may be had a little cheaper because of the advertising. But the one I liked best, I think, and the one which should draw squeaks of appreciation in America as well as Africa is Mr. Papadimitriou's luxurious imitation lionskin number with the inscription: "When You Wear This, It Frightens Me."



A MAN OF SEVERAL VOICES

by SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT is a native Missourian now living in East Dennis on Cape Cod. He has written several books, the latest of which is *We Chose Cape Cod*.

FOR a long time I thought my singing voice was unique. After all, there are 642 hymns in our church hymnal and not one of them is written in my key.

This seems all the more remarkable when you consider that I have three distinct and different voices to draw upon. I have a sort of automatic transmission built into my throat that would probably be of considerable interest to the eye, ear, nose, and throat crowd.

My two special voices are my falsetto tenor and my equally falsetto bass, or *basso non tutto profondo*. Then my true voice is a fringe baritone which is obviously not what the average composer of sacred music had in mind when he penned his vocal arrangements. As a general rule I try to get around this difficulty by singing harmony, but my improvised harmonics are given to an occasional clinker, and all too frequently a succession of wrong guesses leads me into a dreadful cul-de-sad-sac. Then there is nothing to do but clutch at the melody line with whichever of my falsettos seems closest, an undignified procedure at best.

One Sunday after the closing hymn, a particularly intricate Welsh dirge, had left me wandering distractedly in the lower octaves, I burst out of our village church in a cantankerous mood. I thought mine was an unusual case — until I mentioned my predicament to some of my fellow worshipers.

Since then I have made quite a study of church singing, and it turns

THE VIEW FROM OUR LAND

by C. S. JENNISON

WE purchased a nice old house in the hills,
Where at night, now, we hear the whippoorwills
And the termites gnawing the few good sills.

We were unaware what a country place meant,
Till we beheld from our upstairs casement
The brook that ran babbling into the basement.

No season or day here is twice the same,
And the shy, small animals grow so tame
That we call the rats and the mice by name.

By our bed, whenever the lost wind wails,
The rain tinkles gaily in crocks and pails,
And the lights wink out as the power fails.

When the morning breaks, along with the plumbing,
We step out to watch the woodpecker drumming
And flush a new covey of house guests coming.

So life on the land moves serenely on,
With the wild deer cropping the crops at dawn
And the well and the bankbook overdrawn.

out that I have plenty of company. I find there are two classes of church singers: warblers and mumblers.

The warblers think they can sing; the mumblers can't and know it. This is a subtle distinction, but important. The warblers usually wind up in the choir, and the mumblers make up the congregation.

Oh, there are also the mutes, but you can't class them as singers. They merely hold their hymnbooks open to see if the rest of us are singing the words right, and to see how much longer it will be until the hymn is over. The more conscientious among them follow the words with one finger, and occasionally you will see one whose lips move, but that is only because he always moves his lips when he reads. I haven't much use for mutes. I might as well admit it — I feel that mutes are people who just don't have guts enough to be mumblers.

In our church we have about a dozen warblers and forty to fifty mumblers, but the dozen warblers make ten times the noise we do. If we mumblers had to sing alone, without the choir, you wouldn't be able to hear us as far as the vestibule. In fact, the only way you'd know we were inside would be from the coughs. We can sing softer and cough louder than anybody.

When I found out how common my problem was, I thought I saw some exciting possibilities.

"Where can I get in touch with a good live-wire hymnbook publisher?" I wondered. "All they'd have to do is put out a hymnbook with all the hymns transposed into our key —"

"Wouldn't work," said another mumbler promptly. "Choir couldn't sing 'em then."

"Besides," said a second, "what is our key? I'll bet we all have different ones."

"Maybe so, but we must all be in the middle somewhere," a lady mumbler pointed out, "because if you'll notice, the hymns are all either too high or too low."

Well, I wish I knew more about music, because I feel certain that if anybody can solve these technical problems and come up with a good mumbler's hymnbook, he'll have the cleanest best-seller since *Little Women*.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC



WHERE THE MUSIC BEGINS

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

(This is the second of four articles being devoted to the shopping guidance of people interested in equipping their homes with custom music systems. An enormous variety of high-fidelity components—amplifiers, loudspeakers, FM-AM tuners, and so forth—now are manufactured for the home market. They are easy to interconnect and operate, yet they are for the most part built to meet professional standards and are sold at professional "net" prices. They afford considerable flexibility of installation and respond well to care and ingenuity. Many an owner's fond experimenting has been repaid in living-room music of astonishing realism. The first article in this series, published in the December *Atlantic*, dealt with loudspeakers. This one starts at the other end of the chain of sound reproduction, with a discussion of phono-pickups, tone arms, styli, record changers, and turntables.)

SOME home-music enthusiasts do a good deal of radio listening, especially in areas well served by high-fidelity FM stations. And some buy prerecorded tape. For most, however, the basic staple of musical supply is the disk record—and the supply cannot be called a short one. It's a dull day in the industry, latterly, when the studios produce fewer than three long-playing records; on a good day the total may run to a couple of dozen. There is tremendous treasure in the catalogues. Never has such musical diversity been available to us before,

and never has the standard of reproduced sound been so consistently high. A bad-sounding record has become something of a rarity.

The music is in the grooves; the problem is to get it out. The disk must be rotated and its wriggling grooves tracked by a tiny jewel-tipped stylus whose motion can be translated into electrical modulations and thence into sound. If the disk is turned at the wrong speed, the pace and pitch of the music will be changed. If its speed varies as it turns, the sound will be deformed by those entertainingly named afflictions, "wow" and "flutter." If the turntable is shaken by extraneous vibrations—motor rumble, for instance—this will be picked up by the stylus and reproduced in mixture with the music. Sometimes, if a record player is not adequately insulated against external vibrations, heavy bass notes from the loudspeaker will feed back into it—through its mounting—and be re-reproduced in thudding travesty. If either the turntable or the pickup head is not precisely level, the stylus will fight an uphill battle with the music, marked by much crunching and screeching.

If the stylus is worn out of its proper round shape, it will grate and gouge as it travels. If it is too stiff, insufficiently compliant, it will fight the grooves and fail to find their richest content; so will it if it tracks too lightly. If it tracks too *heavily*, it may lean sideways. If it is inadequately restrained by some damping medium, it may break into wild resonant vibrations of its own at certain critical frequencies.

Viewed together, these hazards may seem to form a fairly fearsome picture, but it hasn't been fearsome enough to discourage the makers of pickups and turntables. The rather surprising fact is that the difficult mechanical refinement of these mov-

ing parts has almost kept pace with advances on the electronic front. Which is fortunate, because today's near-perfect amplifiers would mercilessly expose bad performance at their sound source.

Particularly among people who are planning piecemeal modernizations of aging radio-phonographs, an early and burning question is which to buy: a record changer or a single-play precision turntable, with arm and cartridge separately chosen. The answer is really another question: What do you want it for?

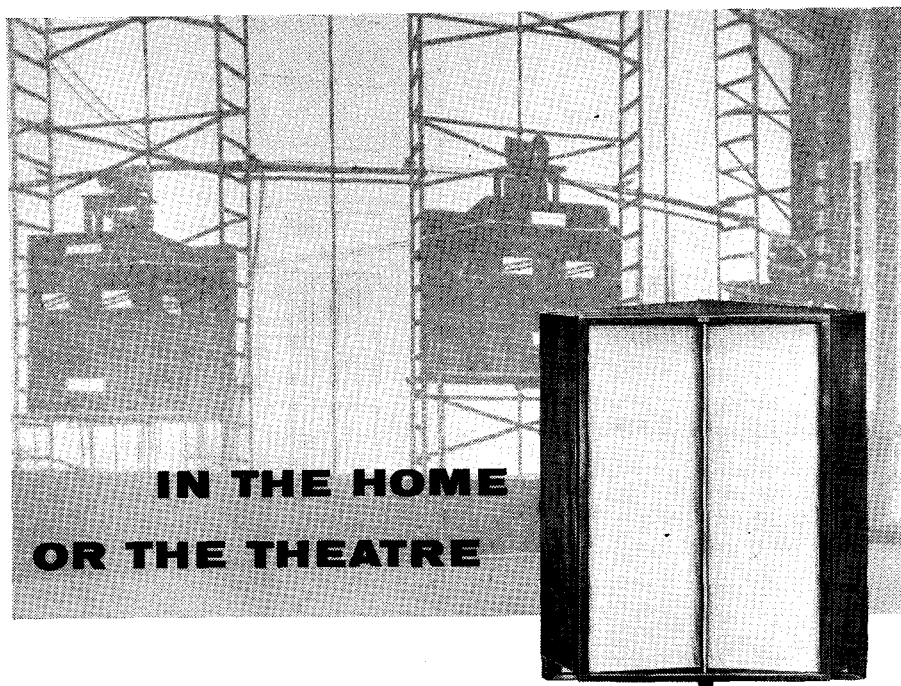
If the record player is to be part of a final assembly, and is to be supplemented by other very high grade equipment, and is to be operated by the owner only, a precision turntable is indicated. It costs more and is harder to mount, but it allows you to select the arm you want, counterbalance it to match the pickup cartridge you want, do your own shock-insulating — with foam rubber and the like — and in general exercise your ingenuity.

A changer, in most cases, is cheaper. It does most of the work for you. It may never do it exactly as you would, but it probably does it much less roughly than Junior would, or your Martini-laden guests, and it will do it all evening while you read a book or play Scrabble. It may be worth pointing out that many an enthusiast of some years' standing owns *both* a changer and a precision turntable — the former bought first and kept for lazy listening, the latter acquired after a new amplifier and loudspeaker had spurred the urge to more active participation in perfectionist music-making.

My experience with record changers is that their prices reflect pretty accurately what you may expect from them. The most expensive one I know is the Swiss Thorens CD-43 "Concert," a truly deluxe changer that runs, when new, smoothly as a precision turntable. It will pause between records and, in fact, do almost anything short of choosing your music for you. It accommodates almost any pickup cartridge — most changers will — and won't mistreat it. Its motor is geared directly to its turntable; what happens when the gears wear I don't know — but probably replacement fees are small enough not to worry anyone who can afford the machine in the first place. It costs \$93.75.

Neck and neck for the next spot are two imported changers selling

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for about \$68 — the Garrard RC-90 (British) and the Miracord XA-100 (West German). The Miracord is easier to install, and has a between-records pause button. The Garrard has (like the Thorens alone) a fine-speed control, operated by magnetic drag, which permits exact adjustment. Most changers run a little fast till loaded with about five records. I happen to own a Garrard, but I like both of these and would hate to have to choose between them.

Indeed, I might choose instead a more modest Garrard, the RC-80 (\$49), which will do fewer tricks — it cannot even be operated manually, as a single-play — but which is driven by a rubber traction-belt assembly that minimizes transmission of motor vibration. Nearly all other changers are friction-gear driven. That is, the main shaft of the motor extends upward out of the casing and acts as a spindle, rotating against a little rubber-tired idler-wheel which in turn rotates against the inside of the turntable rim. Competitive with the RC-80 is another British changer, the Collaro RC-54 (\$49), a beautifully neat and extraordinarily sturdy machine, well worth consideration.

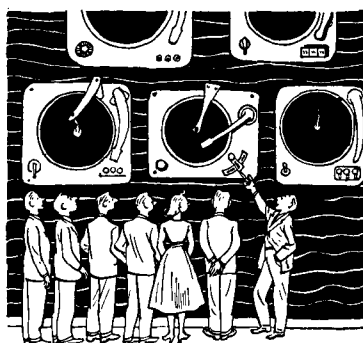
Also renowned for durability are the American changers made by Webster-Chicago (Webcor). I have no firsthand acquaintance with their new Model 1126-27 (\$40). I did have a 1948 model, which I subsequently sold but which I still look in on occasionally. At last visit, after more than five years' service, it was still working smoothly. The V-M changers, even less expensive (\$38 and \$30), seem to have been designed as components for low-cost packaged phonographs, and I have met them only in this guise, where they serve very well. People do use the \$38 model (935-HF) with GE magnetic cartridges as part of economy-priced hi-fi rigs, and I have heard no complaints.

Thorens makes two smooth-running single-play assemblies; in one of them (\$53) the arm is operated manually, in the other (\$68) a mechanism sets it down and picks it up for you. Another Swiss-made manual player, the Lenco, is marketed here by the David Bogen Company at \$40. Like other Swiss players, it is direct-gear driven. It

also has fine-speed control. New, it behaves very well indeed, and seems a bargain.

The single-play assemblies listed above all come on mounting boards and equipped with tone arms. True custom turntables represent (or are supposed to) a step up in perfectionism. Some incorporate their own mounting decks, but you are supposed to supply your own tone arm.

The two least expensive custom turntables, I regret to say, are too new for me to have inspected them, but both come from firms a long, long time in the turntable business. Lowest price is the Rek-O-Kut Rondine Jr., a two-speed job (33½ and 45 rpm; no 78) at \$50. Next is the three-speed Presto T-15 at \$54. Next is a veteran machine no longer advertised but still available, the Rek-O-Kut LP 743, which costs \$59.50 and for some years has been standard equipment in high-fidelity homes of middling means. You must recondition the LP 743 every two years, but if you do, it will work. (This probably applies to all turntables which are rim-driven by solid-tire idler-wheels. The tire rubber ages, hardens, develops gouges and "flats," and inflicts a certain amount of wear on the motor-spindle that drives it — the wages of friction. Reconditioning costs from \$3 to \$20.) I don't know how much it costs to recondition the \$60 Thorens E53-PA, gear-driven, but I do know that its performance to begin with is impressively even and quiet. (A friend has had one a year; no trouble yet.)



The Rek-O-Kut model seemingly designed to supplant the old 743 is the Rondine, which costs \$70; it is essentially a refined 743 and, thus, good news. I predict its success. I am equally certain of the success, on a different scale, of the turntable priced next

above it, the Components Corporation Professional, at \$85. It is a monster. Its cast-steel turntable weighs 25 pounds and is turned by a belt which girds it about and loops out to encircle the motor-spindle some distance away. To change speeds, it is necessary to lift off a plywood coping and shift the drive belt manually up or down the differential motor-spindle — no job for sissies. It stands on four ugly spring-legs, which damp

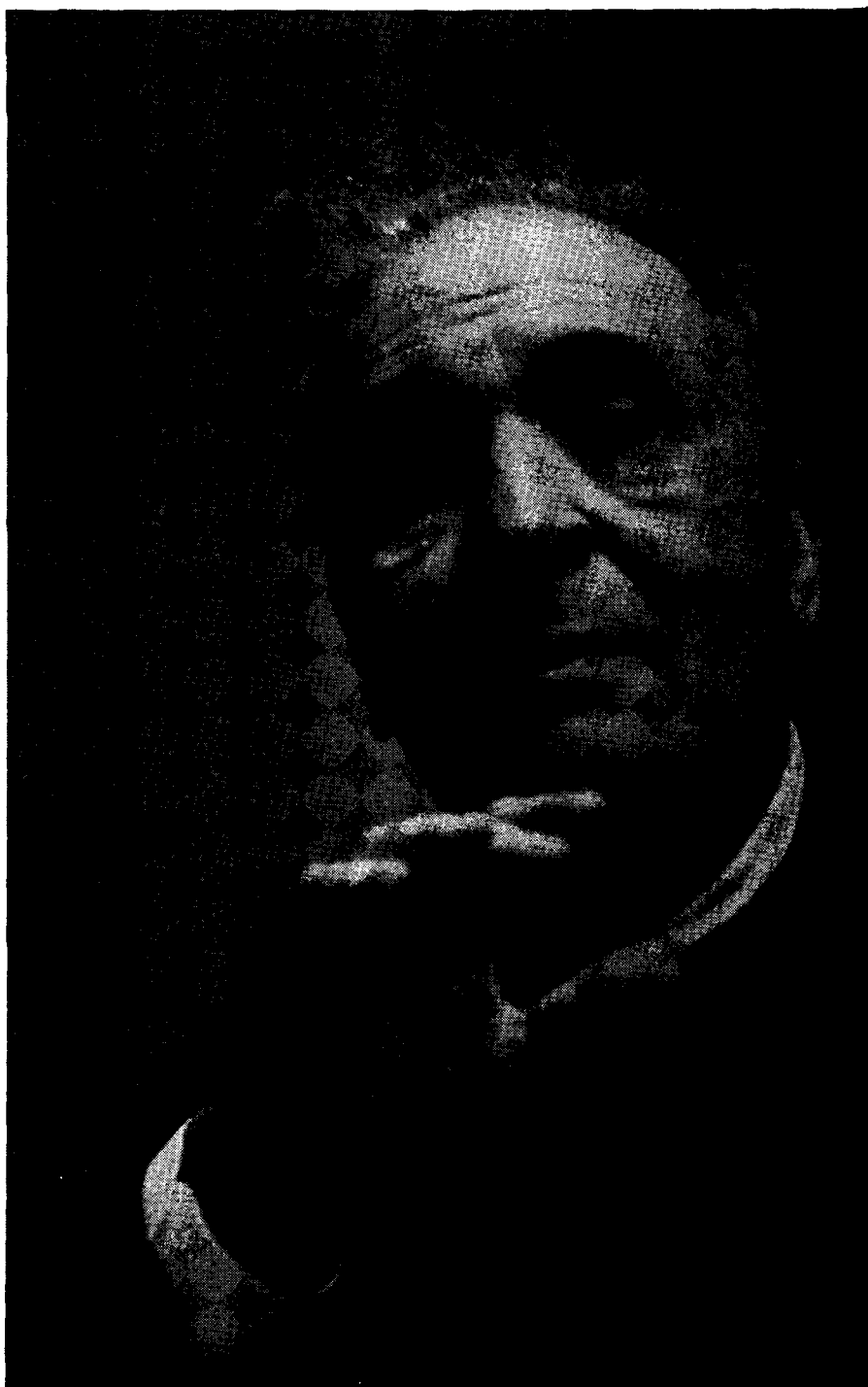
out extraneous vibration and can be twisted up or down for leveling. I bought one as quickly as I could, since I am a record reviewer, and I could see practically nothing that could possibly go wrong with it. So far, nothing has.

At \$3 more comes a job that is more suave, the D & R, which features an outside-idler drive (no pinch effect on the rubber drive tire), extreme silence and smoothness, and very handsome box-mounting. And now come a pair of aristocrats I know only by repute, the Rek-O-Kut Rondine Deluxe, at \$119, and the H. H. Scott 710-A, at \$102. Central attraction of the Rondine Deluxe is a hysteresis synchronous motor, which runs so smoothly as to make precautions against motor shudder virtually superfluous. (All other commercial tables use conventional induction motors.) The Scott, on the other hand, has anti-vibration devices in almost supernatural abundance, apparently designed to screen out earthquakes. It also has a fine-speed regulator and, believe it or not, a stroboscopic speed-indicator that works by mirrors. Both these are machines which must be seen to be appreciated, and both can be operated with the utmost ease. It must be fun to be rich.

Phono-pickup cartridges are the small devices, tipped by groove-tracking styli, that fit in the end of tone arms and translate vibration into electrical impulses, to be built into sound by amplifier and loudspeaker. The high-fidelity variety are among the most precise and delicate electromechanical devices commercially produced today. I know of none that will withstand mistreatment and none that I cannot make sound very good. (The only treatise I know of on pickup and turntable care was written by I. M. Fried and appeared in the November issue of *High Fidelity Magazine*.) They range in price from \$34, for a General Electric dual-point with twin diamond styli, to \$125 for a British Ferranti two-head assembly. All prices I quote will include diamond styli, since nothing else will yield both lastingly good sound and peace of mind. So-called "precious metal" tips deform almost at once, and sapphires (on most pickups) are good for only a couple of dozen plays before they begin to damage records. Get diamonds.

Beginning in 1948, when vinyl microgroove records appeared, magnetic pickup cartridges swept the high-fidelity field, nudging out the

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earlier general-purpose crystals. The magnetics needed preamplifiers — as the crystals did not — to make their low-voltage output perceptible to amplifiers originally designed for radio. But I know of only one crystal pickup left now in the high-fidelity market, the Electro-Voice 80. It is comparable to the magnetics but — ironically — it must be sold with an adapter to reduce its output if it is to be used with current preamplifiers' equalization circuits.

Not every pickup cartridge will work in most changers. The Electro-Voice crystal will. Among magnetics, two will do so reliably — the Audak Polyphase (\$53) and the newly arrived British Tannoy (\$65).

Both are turnover types, with separately detachable styli, well sprung to prevent bending. Most commonly used with changers, however, are the GE's, because of their low price. Of these, I prefer two single cartridges, used with separate plug-in heads, rather than the Triple-Play model. The latter has both jewel tips mounted on the same assembly — and if one wears out before the other, what do you do? Two singles cost only \$6 more than the Triple-Play. GE stylus-assemblies, of soft metal, tend to bend under rough changer-treatment and should be regularly inspected with magnifying glass, and with tweezers handy.

One model of the new Electro-Sonic cartridge purports to have been designed for use with changers, but I have doubts; the sample lent me would need a very gentle changer. The same applies to the Pickering dual model, though the more rugged single cartridges (Models 120 and 140) will serve reliably.

In a way, it is a shame to use good modern pickup cartridges in changers, since more of their manufacturers have lovingly contrived tone arms expressly for them. In some cases, but not all, the arms work equally well with other cartridges of kindred shape and size.

GE, for instance, has graduated its cartridge from the work-horse to the glamour class by furnishing it a very fine arm with an adjustable counterweight for the head, which also flips backward to afford a look at the cartridge's nether workings. This comes

(as do many) in 16-inch and 12-inch lengths, to accommodate the available space — \$32 and \$35. Audak has long made arms of similar length for its cartridge, the first magnetic "turn-over" model. Now it furnishes an adapter to receive other cartridges — an attraction, since Audak arms cost only \$14 and \$19. As yet no arm is made to hold the neat, plastic-cased Tannoy cartridge, but it fits nearly every other maker's.

To fit its thumb-nail-size new miniature cartridges, tiny in mass and high in compliance, Pickering offers its 190-D arm. Its main shank swerves only laterally, and is counterweighted in back to offset sidewise shock or tilt; the cartridges

are mounted on a small, lightweight tongue of metal hinged vertically at the business end. The cartridges in duo cost \$60, the arm \$31.50.

I own a Pickering, as well as an Audak and a GE, and have given them the kind of grueling use a record reviewer must — a total of perhaps 1500 hours a year. The Pickering, despite its minuscule mass and seeming delicacy, has stood up nobly. The factory, however, recommends conditioning at least once a year. The sturdier Audak and GE don't need conditioning, but their styli should be taken out and sent for checkups annually.

Pickering, Tannoy, Audak, and GE all function on the principle of variable reluctance, the magnetic usage first employed in high-fidelity phonographic reproduction. Other aspects of electromagnetism have now become practical media, and the pickups using them have grown out of their early and fantastic fragility. In three makes now, a tiny coil vibrates instead of a pole piece. One, the British Leak, I have seen only in handmade shape. It sounded wonderful, but apparently is not yet in mass production. However, the American Fairchild is, and no careful owner will be unhappy with one of these splendid, beautifully balanced pickups, widely used professionally. Fairchild makes arms for them (\$30) but they also will fit others. The output of moving-coil cartridges — and, in fact, of all types mentioned hereafter except the Weathers FM — is even smaller than that of variable-reluctance pickups.



As a result, they yield best results when *pre*-preamplified. All their makers supply small transformers to effect this, adding about \$10 to their prices.

The new Electro-Sonic cartridges use moving coils of a different movement — quasi-rotary, like miniature generators. The design — apparently Danish in inspiration — is ingenious and the results most impressive. The Electro-Sonics come in three series — the Standard (\$30 per unit), prescribed for use with good changers; the Concert (\$36), for use with good all-purpose tone arms, and the Professional (\$49.50), which is fabricated in Denmark and requires its own tone arm (\$57). The last two may have the highest stylus-to-groove compliance of any cartridges now in use. At least they need absolutely level turntables, and tone arms that traverse with the utmost ease.

Close competitors in the compliance race are two very light weight pickups, the Weathers and the British Ferranti. The former is a powered frequency-modulation pickup which requires a power supply, an oscillator, and its own countersprung wooden tone arm, and which plays microgroove records only. The whole assembly costs \$79 with diamond stylus, \$64 with sapphire (since the unit tracks at only one gram, its maker, Paul Weathers — though a confirmed audio-perfectionist — readily sells it with a sapphire tip). For \$124 one can buy the arm, oscillator, and a Weathers pre-amplifier all ready-mounted in a turntable case. The Ferranti is designed by the Scots amplifier expert, D. T. N. Williamson, and so far as I know is the only pickup for which is claimed a frequency range of 100,000 cycles per second, or five times higher than the human ear's. Source of its power output is an infinitesimal aluminum ribbon vibrated between the poles of a permanent magnet. With its necessary step-up transformer, sleek, slim, rather snakelike tone arm, and two plug-in heads, it costs \$125. The Ferranti 78 rpm stylus is unusual, being elliptical rather than round at the tip — better inner-groove reproduction of highs.

Several manufacturers make tone arms only. Of these, the best known

to me are the Livingston Universal (\$19) and the Gray 108-B (\$56). The latter is viscous-damped vertically; when dropped it "floats" harmlessly down to the turntable. But it won't play warped records, especially 78s. The Livingston is an all-purpose arm, light and precise, initially built around the GE Triple-Play cartridge but equally accommodating (with a little counterweight-shifting) to Pickering, Tannoy, or Fairchild. I have not yet seen the revolutionary new British arm, the Burne-Jones, which is really *two* jointed arms, in parallel, that keep the cartridge pointed straight along the groove as it traverses — no tangential error, it says here.

It would be wrong to say that all turntables and pickups are of equal merit; they're not. They don't all cost the same, either. And they are not of equal durability or adaptability. But nowadays there is one for almost every purse and every purpose.

In a sense, the best pickup or turntable is the one best installed and best cared for. All turntables and record changers need to be leveled to work best, and most need periodic lubrication. They should be shock-mounted, too. Their drive wheels should be inspected regularly for rough wear. The tracking weights of pickup arms should be checked (there are a number of inexpensive gauges made for this purpose) and adjusted. Caution: some cartridges are magnetically attracted to ferrous turntables, adding to their stylus pressure.



Cartridges should be installed so that their styli point straight down. They should be kept clean. Styli — even diamonds — should be checked annually for wear. Some cartridges should be checked annually for stiffening of their damping materials.

Any cartridge that begins to sound rummy should be sent to the maker for a checkup — most cartridges are handmade, and variations inevitably occur.

No such mechanical-electrical equipment as record-playing components should be accepted without a set of the manufacturer's instructions; these should be read and kept for future reference if necessary.

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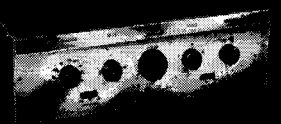
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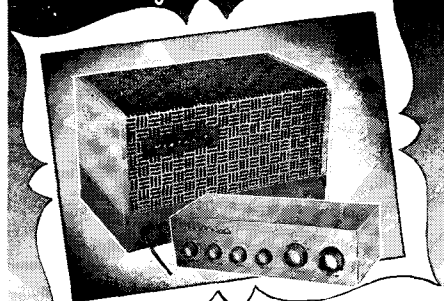
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Record Reviews

Bach: Concertos No. 1 in A Minor, No. 2 in E Major (Jascha Heifetz, violin; Alfred Wallenstein conducting Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1818: 12"). It is customary among reviewers to search Heifetz performances for virtuosic vagaries in defiance of the composer's intent, but here there are none. These seem to me the best performances of these two concertos on microgroove, and the recording is highly adequate, too. The more I hear them, the better I like them.

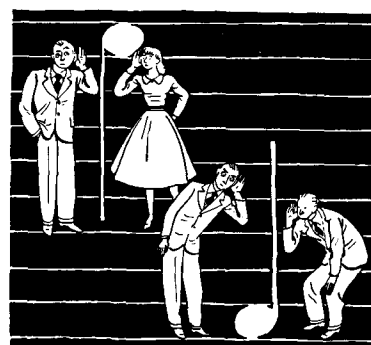
Liadov: Baba-Yaga; Eight Russian Popular Songs; Kikimora with Balakireff; Thamar: Symphonic Poem (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL-1068: 12"). Some of the season's richest, most lustrous recorded orchestral sound ornaments Liadov's two engaging little witch-tales and Balakireff's somewhat more ponderous one, all performed to perfection by a bearded Swiss magician.

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D (two versions: Bruno Walter conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York; Columbia SL-218; Rafael Kubelik conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1107; each 12"). Each of these conductors plans to record all the Mahler symphonies. Kubelik has been given spectacular sonic reproduction, and he marshals Mahler's forces in vast and rigid array; resplendently impressive. By contrast, Walter's orchestra sounds slightly remote and romantically relaxed, and it takes Walter all of three bars to convince me, beyond any kind of argument, that this is the way it ought to sound. It is hard to describe the effect (and it is a completely subjective matter) except to say that the music becomes at once comprehensible, glowing with the kind of strange enchantment which is in the look of German forests and the feel of German fairy-tales.

Mozart: Fantasia in C Minor, K.475; Sonatas in A, K.331, and C Minor, K.457 (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster WL-5317: 12"). Angel Records has made the entire solo piano works of Mozart, played by Giesecking, and the Haydn Society is putting them out with Lili Kraus. I have heard samplings of each (the Angel collection will be released gradually on single disks). While fondly remembering earlier performances by Giesecking and Kraus, I think neither

now plays in a manner so complementary to Mozart as young Badura-Skoda; indeed, I can call to mind no one who does, consistently. He even gives the illusion that he is playing on an eighteenth-century piano, though the jacket notes don't say so. The sound is wonderfully realistic, too.

Mozart: Symphonies No. 35, "Haffner," and No. 41, "Jupiter" (Erich Leinsdorf conducting Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia-Entré RL-3103: 12"). Once again, an extraordinary bonanza on Columbia's cut-rate label, Entré. You save a dollar and you get what seem to me the most telling recorded performances of two of Mozart's greatest symphonies. Leinsdorf Beethovenizes them a little, as Richard Strauss used to do, but without loss of poignancy. The sound is strong and resonant, and the orchestral balance admirable.



Verdi: Otello (Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, Aldo Protti, Fernando Corena, Luisa Ribacchi, other soloists; Alberto Erede conducting Orchestra and Chorus of the Academy of Saint Cecilia, Rome; London LLA-24: three 12" in album with libretto). Confirmed opera-lovers are going to account this the best, or one of the best, operatic productions on records. Confirmed Toscanini-worshippers may possibly account it an affront. The Toscanini version, made from a broadcast, has Toscanini, Ramon Vinay, and the NBC Orchestra. The London has everything else. RCA's engineers did a fine job of refurbishing the NBC sound, but it cannot compare with London's. Neither can Vinay's voice match del Monaco's, though the latter, newer to the role, sometimes hams it up. Tebaldi is magnificent, though Herva Nelli plus Toscanini is not negligible either. Toscanini and the NBC are likewise magnificent; Erede and the Roman group likewise not negligible. London has the edge in supporting cast and in what may be called performance atmosphere. You take it from there; you *can't* go wrong.



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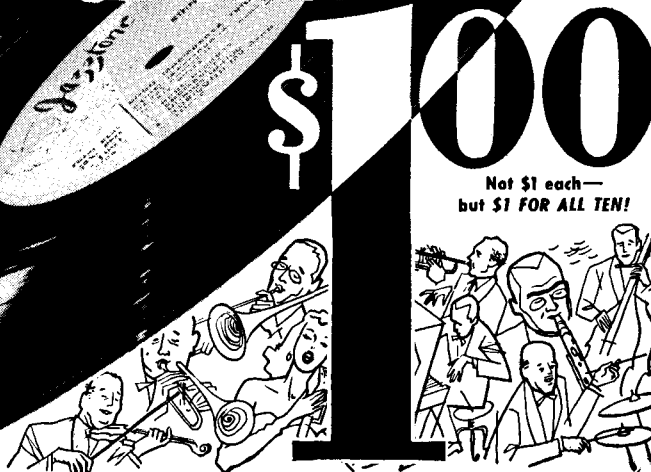
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